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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.	PAGE	CORRESPONDENCE:	PAGE	CORRESPONDENCE (continued):	PAGE
LEADING ARTICLES:		Lord Hugh Cecil's Clause: an		Python-Feeding at the Zoo. By G. E.	
Sugar Bounties . . . . .	664	Optional Alternative. By Nathaniel		Blood . . . . .	677
The Achilles' Heel of South Africa . . . . .	665	Louis Cohen . . . . .	675	The Hustling Away of James II. . . . .	678
Dogma and Repairs . . . . .	666	Hymnology. By T. Henry Carter . . . . .	675	The Nerve Effect of Modern Fire . . . . .	678
Inequality Before the Law . . . . .	667	"Mr. Archdeacon." By the Ven. the		REVIEWS:	
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Archdeacon of Rochester . . . . .	676	Innocuous Gossip . . . . .	678
Commerce and War . . . . .	668	Bad Language. By F. C. Constable		The Art of Walter Crane . . . . .	679
The School of Nature . . . . .	669	and others . . . . .	676	Franciscans Through a False Glass . . . . .	680
Vieilles Choses . . . . .	670	The Inaccuracies of Authors . . . . .	677	NOVELS . . . . .	681
The Society of Portrait Painters . . . . .	672	The Kenyon-Stanley Amendment. By		NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS . . . . .	682
A Play in a Suburb . . . . .	673	Cloudesley Brereton . . . . .	677	FRENCH LITERATURE . . . . .	683
The Clerical, Medical and General		An International Anomaly. By Edward			
Assurance Society . . . . .	674	Latham . . . . .	677		

*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The arrivals and departures of the week have deserved a political circular to themselves. As Mr. Chamberlain left on his cruiser from which he will land, on his way to Durban, at Cairo and Zanzibar, Lord Salisbury returned from the Continent, anxious to take part in the debate on the Education Bill in the House of Lords. On a lower plane, for General Viljoen's departure for America we have had compensation in Mr. Schalk Burger's arrival. He wisely sent a sort of eirenicon in front of him in the account of an interview in which he expressed some gratitude for all that the Government was going to do and like the rest of the world, which includes Mr. Morley, applauded, not altogether without condescension, Mr. Chamberlain's mission. At the beginning of the week was published some correspondence between General Botha and Mr. Chamberlain as to the generals' Continental manifesto, and his very wretched attempt to apologise has done no good to their reputation either for honesty or diplomacy. They have had an amusing dispute with General Viljoen, who in starting his own fund said the other was closed. The prospects for the Boer widows and orphans are not, one may fear, commensurate with the competitive zeal of their itinerant philanthropists.

The manifesto of a Committee of the Progressive party, issued as the Cape House of Assembly was prorogued, is the first downright attempt to state the issues. The document is ingenious as well as direct; among the polemical issues many principles are so broadly stated that no politician with a pretence of patriotism could refuse ostensibly to support them. The maintenance of the British Settlement, the development of the country by irrigation and railways, fair representation, the gradual introduction of compulsory education are heads of a policy that even the Bond can scarcely afford to flout. But by far the most important "plank" is the removal of the fiscal barriers between the different States of South Africa. Apart from racial animosity there are all sorts of local jealousies which will tend to defeat this end, unless the Progressive party can find a man to be a leader. The Cape has begun to lose, has already lost, its predominating influence. There are other ways to the Transvaal than from the South; and over and

above the acquaintance he will gain of the great problems to be solved in the different colonies, Mr. Chamberlain by the fact of his tour will point the moral of the unity of the whole country.

The rumour, which was heard first in London, of the extension of the Grand Trunk Railway to the Western shore of Canada, has been confirmed by the manager of the railway. Parliamentary powers are to be sought for continuing the line through Northern Ontario, Manitoba and the Territories to British Columbia, making a terminus probably at Port Simpson. It is possible that some existing lines along the eastern part of the route will be absorbed and in this case there is some hope of finishing a second through route in three years' time. The railway development in Canada has been astounding in the last few years. At the prorogation of Parliament in May it took between five and ten minutes to read out rapidly the bare and brief titles of railway bills awaiting signature and this new proposal is only an unusually striking example of a development which is continuously rapid. The harvest has again been so heavy that the Canadian Pacific Railway will regard the increase of competition as a blessing rather than a menace. Since the prospects so combine financial and imperial profit, it is infinitely to be regretted that American capital has been much more easily attracted than British to this and other Canadian schemes.

Lord Tennyson's limitation of his acceptance of the Governor-Generalship of Australia to a period of one year will not, we fear, tend to inspire confidence in the future of the Commonwealth. It probably means two things. First that Australia is not in a position to make the Governor-General a larger allowance than that which Lord Hopetoun found inadequate, and second that Lord Tennyson did not consider himself justified in incurring for a longer period liability for the extra demand on his private purse made by two capitals. During the seventeen months of its first session, the Commonwealth Parliament got through some very solid work. The tariff was the principal difficulty, those of the States which did not object to it on the ground that it is protectionist objecting because it destroys protection as against their fellows. Queensland further resents legislation intended to make Australia a white man's land throughout its length and breadth. The cutting down of the defence estimates is a bad start. As the Parliament was in a severely economic frame of mind it is a pity it did not see its way to save both trouble and expense by deciding upon a capital. That is a problem for settlement during Lord Tennyson's term.

Lord Kitchener reached Aden on Sunday and at once telegraphed to General Maitland with whom he had a long consultation, so we learn from Mr. Bennett Burleigh, on the subject of the Somaliland campaign. The fact is not without interest. For a moment it seemed to us of very great interest, when—immediately on the top of the otiose conjecture that the result was telegraphed to London and would be considered at a Cabinet meeting—we read, as it seemed, the very words of the conclusion:—"My view is that the religious fanaticism which is now rife renders an early expedition imperative." But somehow the decision lost its momentous character when we discovered that the wires had vibrated, not with Lord Kitchener's wisdom given *ex cathedra*, but with Mr. Burleigh's padding, enlarged from the editorial chair.

The guns made by the firm of Krupp won for Germany the Franco-German war and since then it has grown under the son of the greater Krupp to be much the largest gun-making firm in the world. But there was more reason than connexion with the army and international fame why the German Emperor and his ministers should attend the funeral of the head of the institution. He was king of a whole city in which almost every inhabitant depended directly on his works. He was not so remarkable a man as his father and his reputation suffered a little from some silly eccentricities; but the number of his employés had steadily increased and he had shown a wise generosity in caring for their welfare. Among other acts of beneficence he had spent much money and time on establishing a system of pensions. At the time of his death, which came unexpectedly, he was the object of some bitter attacks on his private character. It was a most comely act of respect and justice that the German Emperor should himself attend the funeral and publicly dissipate the calumnies in a funeral speech.

European interests in South America have been illustrated by another remarkable event of the week. King Edward has given his decision in the dispute between Chili and Argentina and except among men of commerce this evidence of British influence has been greatly underrated. What proportion of well-educated men could say off-hand on which side of the Andes Chili lies? The arbitration, which certainly prevented a serious war, was largely due to the influence of British Consuls and men of commerce; and the judgment has been accepted if not with enthusiasm, without sign of revolt. It was to be expected that the country which received more land should complain of its quality and the country that received less of its quantity; and that both should regret the absence of a natural boundary. But it is impossible, when rights and jealousies have been established, to revert to the limits of natural configuration. As the Andes though irreproachably high leave much to be desired in respect of lineal regularity it was not possible to arbitrate on the basis of physical geography; and, in spite of the logical claims to the two sides of the watershed, historic possession made it necessary to give some of the upland plains on the east of the most marked ridges to Chili and the beginnings of some of the Pacific rivers to Argentina.

For many months the English press has been full of ludicrous reports of the fighting in Venezuela. At the end of it all, when the country found itself in the strange position of freedom from revolution, President Castro congratulated his few thousand troops in an almost Napoleonic strain; and it is to be feared that all his little wars and successes have permanently upset his sense of proportion. During the fighting the many claims of Germany and Britain on behalf of their countrymen in Venezuela have been held in abeyance; and now that peace is restored President Castro has looked round for a new method of delay. He has thought of nothing newer than the Monroe doctrine; and in language, subservient even for a South American diplomat, has approached the American Government. President Roosevelt is of course a man of too much common sense to allow this accomplished debtor the

shelter he wishes. He points out that the doctrine does not confer on any South American who wishes liberty to evade obligation; so long, he says, as the claims of European nations are not territorial the Monroe creed has no application.]

But the vice of the doctrine and its capacity to cause friction are proclaimed by this appeal of President Castro. Presidents of the strength and sense of Mr. Roosevelt are not common in the States; and at any time advantage may be taken by the States of the excuse for interference given by this invented suzerainty. In the present case Germany and Britain are together taking steps to see that President Castro behaves himself. It is just possible, though not likely, that some display of force will be necessary, a few battleships to point the comparison with the Venezuelan fleet that the "Ban Righ" has been evading. But the important political fact of the situation is this co-operation in South America of Germany with Britain. The interest of the two countries in South America is great and increases, and they together cannot afford to allow the United States the *ex-officio* position of arbiter.

If M. Pelletan has not the courage of his convictions he has at least the foolhardiness of his fallacies. He has revelled in unorthodox actions and suggestions. He has reduced the effective strength of the Mediterranean squadron by deducting 1,750 men, a reduction which he justifies by three astonishing arguments. The fleet, he says, has wasted 8,000 sailors in just cruising about the Mediterranean. Bizerta, whence he recently flouted Europe in general, seems to him worth more than the men he has subtracted from the fleet. Lastly he wants the wages of the men to build ships; and by way of showing his zeal for construction he began by stopping all work on the ships that had been ordered. One must admire M. Pelletan as the most audacious amateur that ever managed naval affairs, but the admiration is such as would not come readily from any Power in alliance with France. The Russian press is much upset; and though the French Chamber has endorsed M. Pelletan's statement the Ministry must be not a little anxious as to the nature of his next indiscretion. Possibly an amateur belief in the future of submarine boats is the real cause of his change of policy.

In the House of Commons on Monday the President of the Board of Trade moved that the House approved of the Convention concluded by the delegates at the Sugar Conference held at Brussels which was signed on 5 March last. Sir William Harcourt moved a direct negative of the Resolution but it was carried by a majority of 87. The *pièce de résistance* of the Opposition was the provision enabling countervailing duties to be imposed on sugars from bounty-giving countries; and the House has approved of a policy which has been the stumbling block over which eight previous conferences since 1862 have come to grief. The debate on a subject which Mr. Chamberlain declared to be beyond the power of mortal man to make interesting was not without its points. Mr. Chamberlain excepted the speech of the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, Mr. Bonar Law, who he said had achieved the impossible. Mr. Gerald Balfour anticipated Sir William Harcourt's speech and described it as portentous—which in fact it turned out to be. Sir William retorted by sneering at the "concise and interesting" speech of Mr. Gerald Balfour: a double entendre which Mr. Chamberlain resented and it led him to make the observation quoted above. The Colonial Secretary made his last speech in the House before leaving on his voyage by replying on the whole debate. It was a brilliant piece of Parliamentary advocacy and dramatic posing directed *ad urbem et orbem* on the eve of his departure.

Mr. Cripps is to be congratulated on his courageous and conscientious effort to get rid of the Kenyon-Slaney provision. That he did not succeed goes without



saying: the bulk of the House care absolutely nothing about religious education; and the Government are only too anxious to hurry the Bill through somehow. To vote against the Government in such circumstances requires both courage and conscience—qualities not very common anywhere but especially rare in popular representative assemblies. It is satisfactory to find amongst the Unionists who showed these qualities on Thursday night the ablest educationists in the House such as Sir John Gorst and Sir Richard Jebb. The fact throws a side light on the turning out of the Government of Sir John Gorst to make room for a more pliable person. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton's support of the subsection can only be put down to the survival in a Liberal-Unionist of that ancient Liberalism in which antipathy to the clergy was the main ingredient. Of the attitude of the Opposition we can make no complaint: they openly profess to be opposed to the Church: they naturally and consistently support Col. Kenyon-Slaney. Mr. Asquith's was the best speech of the evening: it reduced to an absurdity the Government's legal position. But the debate contributed but one item to the controversy: the Attorney-General definitely admitted that even under the Government's latest interpretation of the subsection the managers would have the power to forbid the clergyman of the parish the right of entering into the parish schools. The clergyman who would sit down quietly under such an insult must be a spiritless creature indeed. The doubt as to appeal lying to the Bishop remains in all its force. Mr. Balfour's very long speech consisted of "hopes" and "confidences" that the Bill will work well. Anybody can hope: anybody can be confident: but that is not argument.

There is a delightful irony in a person of the type of Colonel Kenyon-Slaney acquiring a great reputation in connexion with—of all things in the world—education! There is certainly consistency in his being the one to introduce a plan for intrusting the control of religious teaching on Church of England lines—a matter involving both history and theology in a high degree—to a promiscuous half-dozen managers, who will for the most part be petty tradesmen—the least educated type in the whole population. But of course, as Colonel Kenyon-Slaney virtually admitted, education has nothing to do with his motives, which are purely those of religious partisanship. He expressly argued his own case on Thursday as a means of checking what he calls "extreme" clergymen—that is those whose views differ from his. He is likely to find his calculation a bad one. The effect of his meddling will unfortunately be to stimulate partisanship. "Extreme men" of all schools will take good care now that the four denominational managers are men of their own kidney; and the last state will be worse than the first. The Kenyon-Slaney provision frankly puts things on a partisan basis. The clergy are bid to depend upon their denominational majority: to "whip-up their men", as the "Times" puts it.

All those concerned with the settlement of Ireland seem suddenly to have made up their minds that the Land Bill to be introduced next session is to mark an epoch. Even Mr. Redmond, speaking to a South London audience, allowed that Mr. Wyndham had a chance of earning "undying honour". Mr. Balfour has shown in his relations with Ireland a strength and decision not wholly characteristic of his general attitude, and his experience and sympathy should help Mr. Wyndham to introduce a Bill that shall at least face the essential issues; but there is small assurance that Mr. Redmond or the various divisions of the party or the extravagant Orangeman will so far abjure political agitation as to support any Bill that does not go as far as the extremists desire. The whole position has been complicated by the speeches made by Lord Dudley on his tour in North Ireland. The Cabinet, of which he is not a member, can scarcely have seriously considered that a meeting of a single representative of the landlords and one of the tenants could come to any valuable conclusions. Neither landlords nor tenants are sufficiently homogeneous bodies to be able to express their views through a single man. The ventilation of such amateur

solutions can do nothing but damage to the public appreciation of the situation.

But the chief reason for Mr. Redmond's momentary suavity has no relation to the Land Question. In the last few days it has become necessary for him to make as politic a recantation of general policy as possible. The priests, chiefly through Archbishop Walsh, have with some dignity rebuked him for his Achilles attitude and, it is probable, he will have to return to the battle, from which he withdrew with his party. The Archbishop pointed out with good reason that changes in the Education Bill, vital to the Roman Catholic Church, had been made by recent amendments and that it behoved the Irish members to take their places at Westminster and to vote on whichever side it might be on behalf of the interests of the Roman Catholic Church. The advice is logical and sensible enough but if the party which deliberately withdrew from Parliament meekly returns because it was told to, it will have to face some very pretty compliments and will hand over to Mr. Healy not a little of what prestige it possessed. One can hear Mr. Healy twitting the prodigal.

In his speech at the annual dinner of the Croydon Chamber of Commerce Mr. Ritchie was at some pains to assure the South African mineowners that the Government would not exact such a contribution from them towards the cost of the war as would interfere with the prosperous development of the country: it should be in his view a large contribution, but not one that would hurt them. Turning to taxation at home he was for a Chancellor of the Exchequer distinctly informative. In reply to the hope expressed by a speaker who preceded him that from sixpence to eightpence would be taken off the income-tax, Mr. Ritchie said that he too hoped that something next April might be done in this direction; though he made it plain enough that so large a remission as that suggested was scarcely to be thought of. The rest of Mr. Ritchie's references to taxation were very correct in form, very ministerial. He was cheered when he said "I will take care that all the claimants for remission of taxation shall have their claims carefully considered". Of all cheers that of the typical public diner is the most pointless.

The Penruddocke case has excited a considerable amount of discussion and there has been a certain ominous silence in the press where dissatisfaction has not been expressed with the penalty awarded by the Judge. Questions have been put in the House of Commons but the Speaker has ruled that animadversions on the conduct of a Judge cannot be raised in this way. The Home Secretary has also declined to say whether anything will be done in regard to the Justiceship of the Peace held by Mr. Penruddocke. If the officials at the Old Bailey had been a little less effusive in their attentions to Mrs. Penruddocke, we do not think the leniency of the Judge would have attracted so much attention. But the yellow cushion—or was it pink?—and the armchair in the dock captured the public imagination. The case has been exaggerated; and mainly because Mrs. Penruddocke was a woman of considerable social position. It was more difficult than most people have realised; and when comparisons are made between it and other cases of the same kind, the fact should be noted that there has been no other case of the same kind. Mrs. Penruddocke was cruel, as many parents are cruel, when they are exasperated with what they consider moral defects, which are really physical weaknesses, and suppose these can be corrected by chastisement. The charges of wanton cruelty were not proved.

A fire that consumed a small tenement in the Minories on Saturday was made dangerous by the lamentable overcrowding on the separate floors. On the second and third floors, a single room to each, were a woman with five children, a man and a wife with two, a man and wife three children, a lodger and a woman with a baby. Thanks to a trapdoor at the top all were saved except one woman and two children. The woman made

a singularly courageous attempt to save the children and died with them in her arms. It is not an excess of sentiment to ask if life could have been much worth keeping in such surroundings. The house was just typical of the neighbourhood. It is the custom so to live in the Minorities. And yet by most of our politicians the housing question and alien immigration are put aside as questions not greatly concerning the immediate welfare of the country; and by the people the great spaces of rich land not only in the remoter colonies but in rural England are ignored as if they had no existence.

Doubtless it was mere excess of geniality, the amiable ambition to be exceedingly pleasant, that caused the Archdeacon of London to give himself away rather badly in his fervid admiration of the journalist, at the dinner of the Journalists' Institute on Saturday last. It is very well to be all things to all men, but an Archdeacon when he dines with journalists should be a little more than they. To commend the idea of a special memorial in S. Paul's Cathedral to the newspaper correspondents who died in South Africa during the war is really not amiability but foolishness. These men died doing their duty: honour to them certainly, as to all others who die at their work. But we do not give a tablet in S. Paul's to all the miners whom their occupation has entombed, to the merchant sailors engulfed in the sea by hecatombs every year. These correspondents did no more than they; and they had no more essential connexion with the campaign. The attempt which is now pushed so hard to identify the newspaper correspondent—from the military point of view a superfluity and very often a mischief—with the fighting force is a preposterous piece of thoroughly rotten sentiment. We are sorry that a distinguished ecclesiastic should give it countenance.

During the early part of the week markets generally were depressed, uncertainty as to the outcome of the settlement, the anticipation of a rise in the Bank rate, and realisations of South Africans on Continental account combining to give a gloomy tone to all sections. No change was, however, made in the official rate of discount and this, together with the fact that the settlement has so far passed without trouble caused an all-round improvement. Consols gave way on fears of dearer money and selling in view of the settlement, the price falling to 92½, the lowest point, it may be noted, touched during the current year, but eventually the more cheerful state of affairs resulted in a smart recovery in the quotation of the premier security. Business in Home Rails has been almost at a standstill, but a better tone was apparent in this department in sympathy with other markets, and it would appear that the excellent traffic returns have begun to exercise their influence. In American Rails business continues to be very restricted on this side, and a good deal of uncertainty prevails as to the immediate outlook. It is thought that possibly the Bank rate being unchanged may temporarily cause a better feeling in New York, but the news of the breaking off of the negotiations between the mine-owners and the employés, and the outbreak of dissensions between the Gould and Harriman interests, is not encouraging.

Kaffirs, after being considerably depressed by heavy realisations on account of a Belgian trust, amongst other adverse factors, developed strength when the account was settled without failures, whilst the speech of Mr. Ritchie at Croydon in reference to taxation, and the declaration of a dividend of 10 per cent. by the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment had a favourable effect. The tone at the time of writing is decidedly firm and a further improvement is looked for. West Africans were practically neglected and the tendency here is rather weak, but in a few leading Australians an improvement took place. The depression of the past month is emphasised by the shrinkage in Stock Exchange values for the month ending the 20th inst., the decline in the case of 325 representative securities being close upon £10,000,000. Consols 92½ ex dividend. Bank rate 4 per cent. (2 October).

#### SUGAR BOUNTIES.

BY a majority of eighty-seven the House of Commons has approved of the Brussels Convention which was signed on the 5th of March last. If this decision, which practically amounts to a ratification of the Convention, is followed by other ratifications on the part of the other signatories of the Convention, the House has pledged itself to adopt the necessary measures to enable the Convention to be carried out. Thus after forty years of unsuccessful effort directed to the removal of the monstrous system of bounties, and the holdings of nine International Conferences since 1862, the object has at last been accomplished. And it must at once be said that this success is due solely to the determination of the British Government, after many years of letting "I dare not wait upon I would", to be thralls no longer to the theorists of Free-trade, but to penalise by countervailing duties imported bounty-fed sugars. This has been the determining factor of the situation. Other conferences had failed, as the last in 1898 failed, to arrive at any agreement for the want of this factor which was supplied in 1902. The Continental sugar-producing and bounty-giving countries were all desirous of putting an end to or regulating bounties, chiefly on account of the jealousies and rivalries amongst them, some having done better with the system than others; Germany and Austria for example than France which was being beaten in the competition though bounties were costing her three millions a year. When the Conference of 1898 separated, Belgium was entrusted with the task of pursuing the subject through diplomatic channels with the intention of calling another conference, if matters should become more mature. In the interval between 1898 and 1901 the feeling in England against the bounties had been growing, because of the greater attention which the condition of our sugar-producing colonies had attracted during these years, owing to the revival of imperial sentiment. There were ominous signs, obvious to the interested Continental countries, that England was making up her mind to meet the unfair competition of bounties with countervailing duties, and moreover it was well understood throughout Europe that England had greatly modified her theories of Free-trade; and seemed really prepared to look on international commerce as a thing to be managed in the light of actual events and not in that of theories a century old. The imposition of countervailing duties in India, which happened while the Conference was sitting, and its approval by a resolution of the House of Commons, must have convinced all the delegates at the Conference that unless the matter was arranged they would find England—the greatest sugar-importing country, and especially interested in her sugar-producing colonies—taking action without waiting for an agreement.

It was in these circumstances that Belgium was able to arrange for a revival of the Conference of 1898; and at the Conference of 1902 all the countries represented in the former year with the exception of Russia were present, with the addition of Italy and Rumania; so that the signatories to the Convention are Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Spain, France, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands and Sweden. Great Britain makes a separate declaration, in a final protocol touching the eleventh article which applies the provisions of the Convention to the oversea provinces and colonies of the contracting parties. This declaration is to the effect that the self-governing colonies may have the opportunity of adhering to the Convention. In the same protocol Great Britain also declares that during the Convention she will grant no bounties to the sugars of the colonies; and also as an exceptional measure "and reserving in principle entire liberty of action as regards the fiscal relations between the United Kingdom and its colonies, that during the duration of the Convention", which is to be in force for five years from the first September 1903, and from year to year if not denounced, "no preference will be granted in the United Kingdom to colonial sugars as against sugars from any of the contracting States". The Netherlands Government enters into the same engagement as regards Dutch colonies. The bounties that are to be suppressed include direct bounties on exports,



on production, exemptions from taxation in whole or part of the manufactured output, and advantages derived from the surtax, which is the difference between the rate of duty or taxation to which foreign sugars are subject and that imposed on the national product. This surtax obviously acts as a protective duty which artificially encourages exportation, and is not fixed with the object merely of protecting the home manufacture from foreign competition. It is now not to exceed a defined amount. Then comes the effective clause imposing a special duty on importation from bounty-granting countries: this duty is not to be less than the amount of the bounties; and there is also an option to prohibit bounty sugars. Evidently there is here room for calculations and appraisements of the amounts represented by the different varieties of bounties. Hence the Permanent Commission is established whose office Sir William Harcourt so absurdly exaggerated. It is in fact a body like those Conciliation Boards which settle details as to work when general rates have been fixed between masters and workmen.

The country does not care one atom whether the Convention is opposed to Free-trade doctrines or not, though much of the debate was unnecessarily conducted, even by speakers who look at the matter in this sensible way, as if it were of importance to show that the Convention furthers the views of free-traders. Does it benefit our own country, including therein the British dominions beyond the seas? If Free-trade serves this purpose, then an instrument which restores international commerce to those "natural" conditions which are the ideal of free-traders is good for us. If the countervailing duties are necessary to secure this object, are we to reject them in the name of Free-trade? Not even Sir William Harcourt wants the bounties. He adds his voice to the confectioners', but he knows that on Free-trade principles it is not good artificially to have inflated by means of bounties and at the expense of other traders' ruin, the profits of confectioners, who would not have flourished under natural conditions. This is diverting trade from its natural and established channels. The Convention restores the natural conditions which had been destroyed by the action of foreign Governments who have overpowered our individual traders by affording State aid to their foreign rivals. The disparity is evident; it is similar to what so many people are complaining of—municipal trading. As real effective socialism, and not a mere tinkering system, would be the remedy in this case if people would only see it, so in the other case effective resistance can only be made against the foreign State by interposing the power of our own: and this the Government has done by the Convention. Everybody is doubtful, except Sir William Harcourt, as to the effects on prices here of stopping the bounties: and he exaggerated the thing in his own grandiose way. Mr. Chamberlain very effectively exploded his fallacy. The West Indies Commissioners in 1897 thought prices would go up somewhat. They were doubtful whether they would go up sufficiently to restore prosperity to the sugar colonies. They even declared that the low prices were not due to the bounties so much as to improved processes in the manufacture of sugar. But bounties must have had an effect; and it is not only through low prices but through irregular prices due to bounties that the sugar colonies have suffered. Taking off the bounties is at least a measure of justice due to them to increase their chances; and it is to be regretted that to secure the Convention the bargain not to impose preferential duties had to be made. The Convention is an alternative. If it does not help, concurrently with those methods of assistance which Mr. Chamberlain has adopted to restore prosperity to the sugar colonies, it may yet become necessary to resort to preferential duties, and leave foreign countries to restore the bounties or not as pleases them—and it will probably not please them, for they will be glad to be rid of them for their own sakes. The sugar colonies are the congested districts of the Empire; and just as we do not make out a mere ledger account when we determine to aid such districts in Ireland and Scotland, so we shall consider in the case of the sugar colonies that statesmanship must take into

account other phases than the economic one. The West Indies Commissioners did not say that countervailing duties to stop the bounties would be useless. They only pointed out that there were certain dangers or inconveniences in such duties, and Sir William Harcourt and his friends have exploited them as from the Blue Book for whatever they were worth. He took no account of Mr. Gerald Balfour's sufficient demonstration that all the European sugar-producing countries which we have had to fear are parties to the Convention except Russia. But it happens that three years ago, after two years to think over the suggestions of the Commissioners, our Government informed Russia that if she thought countervailing duties were inconsistent with the most favoured nation clause we were prepared to denounce our commercial treaty with her. That probably accounts for Russia not joining the Conference when she saw that, in the undreamed of circumstance of England knowing her own mind, she could not repeat her success of 1898 in reducing the Conference to nullity. Our communication to Russia amounted to this, as Mr. Chamberlain said in the debate, that we are going to carry out our fiscal policy in our own way, and are not going to be terrified by those threats "which are put forward with some indiscretion, as I think, by the party opposite, as to what things will be done to us if we do our best for British interests by foreign countries who are more or less interested".

It is this attitude which has changed the whole position. We have been the victims of the protectionist policy of foreign countries, which have been developing their home trade while our own has been stationary, and at the same time threatening us in the particular case we are considering with a monopoly of the sugar market, which was about to fall into the hands of Germany and Austria. Partly the jealousy of her defeated rivals, but above all the new determination of England, has led to the success of the Convention. The position was too satisfactory for Austria and Germany for them to join with the other parties in a voluntary agreement to put an end to the bounties. We should have waited till all was lost if we had continued to do nothing; relying only on that "series of predictions and statements" made by Mr. Farrer twenty-one years ago when he was Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade and "based upon arguments which at that time appeared to be sound, but which experience has absolutely falsified". Escaping from this threatening monopoly, and with good reasons for supposing that whatever the effect of the Convention on the price of sugar—it will in any event be cheap enough—it seems that we are making no great sacrifice. Our chief regret ought to be that the smallness of this sacrifice may be the measure of the smallness of the benefit which will accrue to the colonies from our making it. Perhaps its chief merit is that it shows we are prepared to make at least some sacrifice of our local interests to those of the body politic to which both they and we belong; and that having taken one step long deferred, we may be less disinclined to take others necessary for the discharge of our duties to them.

#### THE ACHILLES' HEEL OF SOUTH AFRICA.

NOW that the Cape Colony has been handed back to the Bond, the governing factor in the South African position is, of course, the economic development of the new colonies. Neither the natural reluctance of the Bantu to work, nor the equally natural desire of the British taxpayer to obtain his pound of flesh, must be allowed to endanger the accomplishment of an object which now provides the main—if not the sole—line of advance towards the goal of a loyal and united South Africa. But although the effective action of the measures by which the cultivable area of South Africa is to be enlarged and a British population settled on the land is confined to the north of the Orange River, the condition of the Cape Colony, as the head-centre and main strength of Dutch resistance to British policy throughout South Africa, must always retain a

definite and sinister significance. By the suspension of the Constitution the Cape Colony would have been added to the area of rapid and effective development upon British lines: by the neglect of this opportunity it has become the Achilles' heel of the British system in South Africa. We need not go over the old ground to justify the phrase and its lesson. Recent instances, such as the persecution of Mr. Botha and Mr. Vlok for the crime of loyalty, are sufficiently enlightening. It is enough, therefore, to take things as they are at the time when Mr. Chamberlain is about to see for himself the evidence which six months ago he would not accept from others. It is, however, necessary to point out that the suspension of the Cape Constitution, which the SATURDAY REVIEW consistently advocated for many months before the petition of the Progressive members was drawn up and signed, would have brought the whole of the three colonies, where political and physical conditions make irrigation and immigration necessary, under the direct control of Lord Milner. As it is, by Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to grant the Suspension petition, the Cape Colony has been handed back to the control of the Bond. The mistake has produced two results. In the first place the area of rapid material development has been reduced by about one-half; and in the second, of the two considerable British populations in South Africa—the British colonists in the Cape Colony and the mining population in the Transvaal—the former, which is the larger, has been politically sterilised, and their colony has been barred out from effective co-operation in the measures immediately necessary for the consolidation of British rule in South Africa.

It is with the second of these two results that we are now concerned; in other words, with the realisation of those evils which we foresaw would follow the re-establishment of the Bond in the position which it held before the war. The manifesto just issued by the leaders of the Progressive or loyalist party at the Cape enables us to realise the present position with singular exactness. The main objects of the Progressive policy, we are informed by cable, are "the maintenance of the British settlement and the support of the High Commissioner in his task; the removal of fiscal barriers and the cultivation of friendly relations with the other colonies with a view to early federation; the reform of taxation in order to cheapen the cost of living; fair representation; development by means of railways, irrigation, and improved farming; the gradual introduction of compulsory education; a just and sympathetic native policy, including the prohibition of the sale of liquor to aborigines; and the reorganisation of colonial defence". In this manifesto we have a policy which embodies the precise measures which could have been carried out without delay—and with the added facility and efficiency of co-operation in a general scheme for the material development of all South Africa west of the Drakenberg—if the Constitution had been suspended. As it is, there stands between these measures and their adoption in the Cape Colony the solid majority of the Bond, reinforced by Sir Gordon Sprigg and his official following. The Bond demands, in the words of the manifesto, are "compensation to rebels for losses brought on themselves by rebellion, the re-enfranchisement of rebels, and the removal of Lord Milner as a step towards the reversal of the present Imperial policy". Therefore this manifesto affords us a standard by which we can measure the precise degree in which British interests have suffered through Mr. Chamberlain's error of statesmanship. The condition of the Colony being such as we know it to be, what reasonable probability is there of the Progressives securing a majority in the next General Election at the Cape? How many years must elapse before the Bond can be ousted from its control of the Cape Parliament, and therefore before the measures identified with the Progressive party can be put into effect?

But it may be said that it still lies open to Mr. Chamberlain to suspend the Constitution, when he sees with his own eyes the circumstances which make that measure desirable. The opportunity is gone. The men who six months ago would have been ready to

sink all considerations of local and personal interest are not ready to do so now; and the demon of inter-State jealousy has been evoked during the six months which have intervened. The conflict of interests as between the representatives of the Eastern Province and those of the Western Province and the central districts; the conflict of interests as between the Cape Colony and the new colonies, and between the Cape and Natal, together constitute a force which would effectually check the manifestation of that spontaneous demand for suspension upon which alone, in the absence of any direct manifestation of Dutch disloyalty, the Imperial Government could now act.

It is just here that we touch an aspect of the question which is perhaps more serious than any other. Here is a case in which the High Commissioner as the representative of the Imperial Government, or the Imperial Government itself as nominally the executive authority of the British Empire, ought to act. The judgment of this authority, or its representatives, ought to be able to override all considerations in which the separate interests of any one colony are embodied. Inter-State jealousy wrought with disastrous effect in keeping the units of the American Union apart. The same factor delayed Australian Federation for a decade. But neither case is analogous to the case of South Africa. The States which compose the American Union are, from a constitutional point of view, each endowed with an equal sovereign authority. In the case of Australia there was no immediate and dominant necessity, in future peril, sufficient to justify the exercise of Imperial authority. But in the case of South Africa every condition was present to justify the exercise of the power which is inherent in the supreme executive authority of a single political system. If that power was not exercised, it is because it does not exist. We are not an Empire at all. Neither in fiscal policy nor in administration have we any authority by which the will of the Empire can be expressed. We shall continue to suffer from the want of this authority, as we have suffered in this instance, until a body of representatives of all the British communities under the Crown exists.

#### DOGMA AND REPAIRS.

THERE is nothing for disappointment in the debate on Lord Hugh Cecil's proposed clause providing for denominational religious teaching in elementary schools, nor in its result. It was certain that the Government would not accept the clause, since it presupposes an entirely different arrangement from that which is the scheme of the Bill. If passed, it would have been found to be a patch on an old and already much torn rag that would not at all have stood the strain. It would have appeared that the Bill must be recast, which would have meant its recommittal. Lord Hugh Cecil's plan being in essence the right one, we should have welcomed this result. We could have borne with equanimity the increased strain on the Government and the added labours of the House, even including a greatly swollen volume of speech, since it would have meant a really good Education Act in the end with some of the elements in it of finality. But it was not likely that the Government would take that view, and if the Government did not, it was even less likely that their followers would. Ministers and members alike are too much concerned for their ease to think of facing in the interests of education a difficulty that could be shirked. So of course the clause was rejected, rejected very largely by men who believe it to be the best solution of the religious difficulty. They were anxious for an easy, not for a good, settlement. One is very willing to make allowances for the weakness of parliamentary flesh late in an autumn session. Indeed, had Mr. Balfour simply said that the clause, good or bad, was in the parliamentary circumstances impracticable, and directed his followers to vote against it, we should have felt that there was really nothing to say: one does not look for ideals from opportunists. But if Mr. Balfour has not been conspicuous for political courage since he left the Irish Office, he has never before, so far as we remember, been conspicuous for



its reverse. Has a Prime Minister ever before run away from an amendment vitally affecting a Bill, of which he was personally in charge? Mr. Balfour's conception of leadership is to declare an amendment to be right in principle, to point out that it would provoke much opposition, and finally to walk out of the House so as to escape the division. This performance makes but one thing clear; that to establish a case with this Government you require not to have merits but to show the Government the inconvenience to themselves of adopting any other course. However, the debate was by no means useless; we have it on record that the Prime Minister thinks Lord Hugh Cecil's plan right in principle; that will have weight with the country though it has none with the Government. Then the division showed that in support of this plan is the best educational opinion in the House, not at all the same thing as the opinion of technicians, useful as that is in its place. Amongst those who voted for the proposed clause were Sir John Gorst, Sir Richard Jebb, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. Wyndham, and Lord Percy. No one who looks through the whole list can help being struck at the proportion of such Unionists, not an enormous group, as have impressed their ability on the country, to be found amongst the fifty-seven who supported Lord Hugh Cecil. That the total number was not larger merely means that few in the House (or out of it) prefer their convictions to their peace. The journalist's argument, developed in the "Standard", that the division list proves the proposal to be unacceptable to the country excites only a smile of incredulity in all who know the House and in all who know the country. Nothing is wanted but hard work to make the public understand the question on the one hand, and the Government realise on the other that Conservatives mean to have the matter settled on these lines. We have not the smallest doubt that ultimately a scheme very much on the lines of Lord Hugh Cecil's proposal will settle the religious question in elementary schools.

For what does it amount to? We are all agreed that the religion of no one denomination must be imposed upon all others; that is, there must be some sort of equality. Equality may be purely negative; in other words, deprive all denominations alike, by prohibiting all religious teaching. That also we may rule out. Another type of equality is to prevent all denominations alike from getting what they do want and give all equally what they do not want. That is equality but plainly not an acceptable equality. That is the theory of undenominationalism, but in fact that which is so named is really what one denomination, the nonconformists, does like, but none other; so that there is only false equality here. A true equality can be found in giving all sections alike what they do want; that is, to those who want it, dogmatic teaching according to the views they hold respectively; non-dogmatic, or what is called undenominationalism, to those who prefer that. That is positive equality, which leaves no one any chance of complaining, except that other people are treated as well as himself. This settlement is so obviously just, as also final, that no one attempts to oppose it in principle, but only in what he calls practice. Your practical man raises a cheap laugh (the crackling of thorns can always be heard in the fire of controversy, especially when religion is one of the ingredients in the pot), a cheap laugh at an imaginary picture of hostilities between rival religious teachers in the same schoolroom. As a fact, the thing is now done in the case of Jewish children, it has been done by the London School Board, and works well. The teacher difficulty is not a serious one. The regular teacher would, if willing, as he would be, give religious instruction to the children of his own denomination; in most schools the religious instruction could still be given by the regular teachers. Where that was impossible, the denomination must provide its own teacher. Where all the regular teachers were occupied with denominational teaching, and undenominationalism was required for a portion of the children, the local authority must provide a teacher. Financially, a certain sum per scholar should be allowed by the local authority for religious teaching; of which the cost would necessarily be confined to the provision of teachers and books. To those who wished to make

the plan work there would be no insuperable difficulty. It is amazing to hear Mr. Balfour excusing his position on the score of the insuperable opposition such a plan would excite; when this very plan was in 1896 part and parcel of a Bill introduced by a Government, for whom he was leading the House of Commons.

In the meantime we must make the best we can of the present system of denominational schools for the teaching of religion. We advise the friends of these schools to concentrate in the Lords on amendment of the Kenyon-Slaney clause and on better terms as to repairs. Do Churchmen realise what the charge for repairs will mean to Church schools? Hitherto it has been open to school managers to charge maintenance and repairs on the same fund. In the future maintenance will be defrayed by the local authority, and no funds will be available to the managers beyond subscriptions, and, where fees have been charged and the local authority continues the charge, possibly a portion of the fee revenue. In the meantime, the schools being freed from the maintenance charge, the local authority, and probably the Board of Education, will require a very high standard from denominational schools in the matter of buildings. Should a Radical Government come into office, an impossibly high standard might intentionally be insisted upon. What would happen? Even under the present system, in many schools the charge for repairs exceeds the total receipts from subscriptions. We have examined the figures of five representative Church schools of a midland district: and it appears that from the year 1897 to 1901 the average annual receipt by the five schools together from subscriptions was £201, the average charge for repairs £272. That means that these schools, if subscriptions and repairs in an aggregate remain at their present figure, will find themselves with a deficit of some £70 a year. If, as is likely, the repair charge increases and the subscription revenue decreases, their case will be worse. If this case is not altogether exceptional, and we have no reason to say it is, evidently Church schools will be closed in hundreds of places up and down the country. The Government have decided that denominational schools shall go on; it is their plan; they have refused the only alternative religious settlement. Therefore we feel that they will recognise that it would be absurd, right or wrong abstractly, to allow the Bill to pass with such provision as to the repairs charge as will immediately result in the closing of many denominational schools, and ultimately in the closing most of them. That will be the stultifying of their own plan. May be it points to the conclusion that they have not chosen the best settlement; but having made their choice, the Government must make it work.

#### INEQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW.

IF the Penruddocke case does not become a leading one in the sense in which lawyers use the term, it seems likely to become classic in another sense with a virtuous public and virtuous newspapers. It will serve a long time for an example of a theory which is always more or less in favour that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. There is indeed a common-sense recognition of facts in this expression which does great credit to the popular intelligence. We have in it a corrective to the constitutional theory which assumes as its first principle that there is no distinction of persons in the eye of the law. It was not always so. In older days privileges of classes were frankly admitted, and some could plead their peerage, or their clergy, to save them from the punishment of offences of which they had been found guilty. Now there is plenty of actual inequality attendant on the formal acknowledgment of equality; and the administration of the law is still influenced in many ways by social distinctions, and the differences between one class of persons and another, which we all acknowledge and pay deference to in other relations of life. Money on the whole fixes all these things; and thus it happens that the possession of money in sufficiently large amounts to enable a man to appear not to

be in the ranks of those who have no means of display, does without any possibility of denial give its possessors undoubted advantages. But it is not all advantage. People speaking of the Penruddocke case say that because of Mrs. Penruddocke's position and better education she ought to be held more guilty than a poor person. Therefore while they are arguing for equality in the sight of the law they are introducing an actual inequality. But the law punishes for the sake of deterring, at least that is one of its objects, and Mrs. Penruddocke happens to belong to that social class where cruelty to children is less to be expected than in the poorest classes, amongst whom the forms of cruelty aimed at by the Act are most prevalent. One sees how little people think, when they speak of excuses for ignorance, when one remembers that Mrs. Penruddocke's conduct towards her child was wholly the result of ignorance in spite of her education: while the crime of the poorer prisoners charged with cruelty to children is not the result of ignorance in the particular case, however ignorant they may be in general. There is nothing by which parents are so often led into actual cruelty to their children without any intention of being wantonly cruel as ignorance of the physical causes which induced the habits of Mrs. Penruddocke's little daughter. It was the fanaticism of discipline which led Mrs. Penruddocke into the excessive punishment she inflicted on the child: she believed that moral defects were the cause of the misconduct and that these could be cured by severity. Another disadvantage of the better class of prisoners is the greater suffering which legal punishments inflict upon them than upon the poorer classes. Between this consideration and the other, that such persons ought to know better, judges are often in a dilemma.

There is nothing in law which is so dependent on the personal views of the judge who happens to try a case as the punishment which may be awarded. The penology of the criminal law is admittedly the most defective part of it in theory and therefore in practice. Mr. Justice Bigham is being accused of deliberately awarding a light punishment to Mrs. Penruddocke for a reason of pure snobbery. We do not believe it any more than we believe that Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, in sentencing Mrs. Osborn in the pearl necklace case some years ago, was snobbish when he told her he should sentence her to a short term of imprisonment because the suffering to her was more than in the case of less delicate prisoners. "A. L. Smith" was accustomed to express himself with "terrible nudity" of language as Lord Bowen said, and it would have been better if Mr. Justice Bigham had deliberately copied the blunt phraseology of his predecessor in addressing Mrs. Penruddocke. It would have saved him from insinuations if he had taken this course, and would have explained his position to persons who do not consider with what difficulty the awarding of punishment is surrounded. They speak of cruel conduct towards children as if it were always an offence of the same moral turpitude and of the same danger to society. No crime, not even murder, can differ more in its degrees of moral guilt: and if our judges were not bound by the inexorable necessity of sentencing to death, they would as often vary in their sentences in murder cases as they do in other classes of offence. The Act for the protection of infants recognises how various may be the degrees of guilt which separate one offence from another. Undoubtedly the circumstances of the Penruddocke case have been exaggerated. The instances which would have shown wanton cruelty, disconnected from that view of discipline which we have mentioned, were extremely doubtful. For example it was said that a wasp had been put down the back of the dress of the child. But the child herself said the wasp was dead; so that the inference, apart from Mrs. Penruddocke's denial of there being any question of a wasp, amounted to nothing. The Act draws a distinction between acts which inflict unnecessary suffering and acts which cause injury to health. Mrs. Penruddocke did act cruelly to her child; but there was never any real injury to its health. At the time when the medical examination was made, within a few days of the acts of cruelty, the

child was above the weight of an ordinary child at her years. There is no comparison between a case like this, and the cases which are ordinarily tried under the Act. The strongest circumstance to our mind against Mrs. Penruddocke was that no medical man was consulted as to the child's habits. In the ordinary case of wanton cruelty it is clear why there has been concealment. But in Mrs. Penruddocke's case there was no secrecy in this sense, and medical advice was not procured because the defect was supposed to be less physical than moral. Ignorance accounts for this: and if the sentence can be impeached on logical grounds, apart from those gratuitous allegations of snobbery, which we do not believe, it is that the ignorance is so widespread and is so appallingly cruel in its consequences on children that Mrs. Penruddocke ought to have been punished more severely as a warning to others. This ignorance is almost as common in one class of society as in another, and a heavier sentence would have drawn the attention of many to the fact that all severity in such cases is the infliction of unnecessary suffering, and that therefore they come within the purview of the Act.

#### COMMERCE AND WAR.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has recently been giving expression to the time-honoured belief in commerce as the great peacemaker between nations. It is an amiable and pious gospel eminently natural and resting on the plausible and striking contrast between the peace-loving trader, anxious only for law and order to prosecute his vocation, as against the man of war, whose profession is to slaughter at the bidding of another, to destroy all that is built up by the innocent shopkeeper. What contrast could be more telling, what more true? Therefore, putting out of mind for the moment such a patent fact as the conclusion that the nation which par excellence has won the title of a nation of shopkeepers has, since it had any right to that title, been amongst the most quarrelsome and fighting of peoples during the last two centuries, ignoring the conclusion that a history of British industry and commerce reads uncommonly like a history of unending wars, we commonly subscribe to the doctrine which is admirably suited to after-dinner speeches and the embalming of an entente cordiale, a union of hearts and pooled dividends. Yet not so long ago a Cambridge professor, Sir John Seeley, in a book which was read by the world, "The Expansion of England", felt it his duty to point out on how slender a basis of knowledge, on how dubious an interpretation of history this facile antithesis between the spirit of commerce and the spirit of war really lay. But the man on the top of the electric tram reckons little of professors who at best are doctrinaire politicians, he prefers the comfortable maxims of the president in the chair, and after inwardly applauding the glib assertion of commerce as the great peacemaker, he goes on to cheer the statements which follow—statements dwelling on how trade follows the flag (a Union Jack or a Star and Stripes) and how essential it is that policy shall discover new markets and paint various strips on the map red, white or blue for the peaceful trader, without apparently being aware that he has committed himself to a flat contradiction in thought if not in terms. Consider the world of politics to-day. We have been on the brink of war with France over the basins of the Nile and the Niger, we have threatened war to more than one European Power because we insisted on "the open door" in China, we have had serious friction with Germany over the denunciation of treaties dealing especially with tariffs and commerce, to-morrow we may find ourselves with a half-drawn sword in our hands facing Russia or Germany or both because we disapprove of their commercial policy at Koweit, in Persia or the Euphrates valley—and why? Because the peace-loving trader only desires to make money and to confer on half-civilised peoples the unqualified benefits of cottons made in Manchester or engines made in Glasgow as compared with linens woven in Silesia or looms constructed at Elberfeld. You may not do evil that good



may come, ends do not justify means—do we not all approve of such obvious truisms in morals and politics—but that you must in the last resort make war that you may secure trade and prevent others from taking it from you is also a fundamental postulate of modern political science as interpreted by Chambers of Commerce. The class that most loudly clamours for the sharp and swift solution by the sword is the peace-loving trader who cries on you in the same breath to beat your quick-firing guns into typesetting machines and your shrapnel into tea-kettles.

Let us go a little further. Let us assume that the British Empire in its wisdom decided to frame a great Zollverein for the Empire by which there would be free trade within the mighty circle and protection without. We say nothing about the economic desirability or expediency of such a scheme. We are simply imagining an hypothesis which is certainly not beyond the wit of man to accomplish, if the Empire desires it and is convinced of its advantages or necessity. Such a Zollverein would erect a hostile barrier of tariffs against all non-British traders, it would cut at the roots of the successful competition by which the German or the American merchant supplants British products in British markets; it would be a hostile ring drawn round India, South Africa, Canada, Australia and perhaps Egypt, a ring like that drawn round Madagascar or French Indo-China, or round Russia or the German Empire or the United States. It would as a logical necessity involve the re-enactment of the Navigation Laws and would probably involve the policy so prettily worked out by Germany to-day of elaborate state subsidies and assistance from the railways to the home exporter to the disadvantage of the foreign importer. And what would be the result? Well, no one should be surprised if the nations thus grievously affected, thus shut out from their most lucrative markets said openly, "This you shall not do, and if you do we shall fight you". In other words the possible, perhaps the probable result, of a logical commercial policy of that kind, a purely domestic affair of the British Empire carried through in the interests of the peace-loving nation of shopkeepers, might be to hurl that Empire into a conflict as of Armageddon. And the man on the top of the electric tram might, but would not, recall from his memory of the history of his country that this precisely did happen when on a smaller scale England in the time of Cromwell so dealt with its most dangerous commercial rivals the Dutch. We fought them and they fought us because we insisted in our interest on the Navigation Laws and they in their interest refused to allow us to cut their throats by a peaceful instrument of commerce. In 1776 thirteen colonies revolted because they refused to permit the British Parliament to manipulate their economic relations; in 1788 Pitt, a peace-loving and commercial minister if ever there was one, a man soaked to his finger tips in the doctrines of the professors of political economy and "The Wealth of Nations", made a great commercial treaty with France which was to solidify and improve the industrial relations for ever of two great and hitherto hostile peoples on the basis that trade blessed both parties; yet in seven years we were engaged in a struggle with France which lasted twenty-two years. So much had the identity of material interests for either party allayed their ferocious and warlike passions. Perhaps the professors who refuse to adopt the specious platitudes about the antithesis of commerce and war are not such purblind fools and doctrinaires as after-dinner speakers imply they are. We study the history of the growth of the British Empire from the seventeenth century till to-day and at every point the conclusion is rammed home that the great war-maker whether on the tropical banks of the Ganges, the woods of the Mississippi or the pleasant islands of the Azores has been the trader, the peace-loving trader. When Jenkins of memorable renown commended his torn ear to his country and his soul to God he was appealing to the nation of shopkeepers who made Walpole declare war on Spain because that silly and bigoted Power would neither trade direct with its own rich and fat colonies nor permit Great Britain to enter the sacred mare clausum of the Spanish dominions. The policy of the open door! Red men scalped each other on the banks of the

Monogahela and black men fought with each other on the shores of Coromandel that British traders might make 20 per cent., might oust French or Spaniard or Dutch from the great markets of the world. And the dominion to-day on which the sun never sets is a dominion scrawled over in its history by the ledger and the through bills of lading. It is a map doubtless painted pink for the honour of humanity, and the blessings of the Union Jack, but it is also a vast territory of illimitable markets acquired, held and to be increased for the incalculable benefits of British trade.

The plain fact of the matter is that the doctrine that commerce makes for peace necessarily involves two fundamental fallacies, the old shibboleth of "the economic man", a creature stripped of all that makes him a man, an automaton of the study whose *raison d'être* is to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market; and secondly, that identity of material interests will result in union between the parties concerned. The great and lasting commercial treaties of the world seem in fact when analysed not to rest on identity of material interests, but on a conviction in the breast of each party that it has got the best of the bargain, or in the capacity of the stronger to impose its goods and its tariff on the weaker. The famous Methuen Treaty, or the commercial treaties of the European Powers with China are examples in point. But should either party suddenly be convinced that it has not got the best of the bargain, or that it is no longer the weaker, all history goes to show that the treaty will be torn in pieces. For the ultimate basis here as elsewhere is force. One more point. The proposition we have examined ignores patent facts in human nature. Nations and individuals will fight to avenge an insulted flag, to protect or extend their religion, and especially to guard their pockets. The pressure of taxation, the threat of starvation by the loss of trade will drive a people to take up arms readily and with the intention of fighting to a finish. And precisely in those countries where the commercial class is all powerful, where it can control policy and sway a Senate, shall we find wars made for the sake of trade. England definitely became a nation of shopkeepers about 1688, at the same date "the moneyed man" attained to a decisive power in the machinery of the government. From 1688 begins the series of wars which founded the Empire, and who will be so bold as to say that the factors working since the Revolution are no longer operative to-day, or that human nature is intrinsically altered?

#### THE SCHOOL OF NATURE.

AFTER a generation or more of severe step-mothering the village school has suddenly become, if not the spoilt child of the educational world, at least a small personage about whose welfare all parties are making a prodigious fuss. Of old it had to make the best of a system designed for the great town schools, and when its friends protested they were lectured as either clerical obscurantists or as petty tyrants anxious to perpetuate a system of serfdom and cheap labour. Yet now not only the House of Commons, but if we may believe the nonconformists, the great heart of the people itself is passion-rent over the prospects of paying for those services which the country school has so long rendered gratuitously. Furthermore if we quit politics and come to education, we find that at last the separate existence of the country school is being recognised and even blessed by boards and codes. We have "Nature Study" Conferences such as that held in Yorkshire on Saturday last, when Lord Herries and Professor Miall bade teachers turn from the dead and dried specimen to the living animal; we have had a "Nature Study Exhibition" designed to show how a school can be countrified, where dukes and duchesses gathered to approve, and on whose opening platform were to be seen together, for the first time on record, the official chiefs of the English and Scottish Boards of Education! Amid the general chorus of praise and congratulation that followed the Exhibition there has not been wanting the voice of the scoffer; the

cynic saw nothing new, only another fashion to pass in its turn; the hard-bitten teacher warned us against more or less fantastic "play" taking the place of work; the idealist was alarmed lest the collection of "things" should displace the study of ideas.

Of course all these defects and more were plentifully visible in the material shown at the Nature Study Exhibition: still there was an aim "if dimly yet indeed revealed" which is worthy of a little consideration. We may dismiss at once the possible usefulness in after life of the information acquired; it is a specious idea, sounding well upon a platform, that every country child ought to know, for instance, the names of the grasses, good and bad, to be met with in the meadows, but if one really faces the question it will be hard to conceive the situation, time, place, and occasion, when such knowledge can be translated into the value of a penny piece. But the habit of mind which may be engendered by looking at the grasses with sufficient accuracy to discriminate between them is on the contrary an asset that may be realised many times over and may colour the whole of a man's life. It is still necessary to repeat that the business of a school is not to impart knowledge, only the higher schools and universities ought to be making a beginning at that. Unfortunately in the past we tried to design even our elementary schools on University models, but the idea of the men who are now fighting for the teaching of science in schools of all grades is not to introduce some "useful knowledge" but a method, in particular the method which will save us from the devitalising effects of civilisation. The ordinary town-bred man has in these times but few calls on his resourcefulness, on his handiness, either physical or mental, to meet an emergency; he lives in his appropriate pigeon-hole; to a school with all its work and play carefully mapped out succeeds the life of a specialist "fiddling at a piston or a valve"; even if his morning train or tram break down he can do nothing himself but must wait until the higher powers resume their normal operation. Beyond falling in love and the abiding desire to "best" his fellows in money-making, the civilised man is never in contact with any elemental facts his whole life long; in time the socialists may even succeed in taking away the outlet for these last workings of the old Adam. The efforts of civilisation are all directed towards removing the accidental and violent incursions of what we may term nature, so reducing life more and more to an orderly sequence, with a corresponding loss both of power and of character in the individual. But how is the teaching of science going to supply any corrective to this numbing result of over-organisation, for it can hardly be pretended that science possesses more of the primitive than say football, which indeed is lauded by one head master as the "onlie begetter" of that nerve and art of leadership whose loss we are deploring? Well in the first place mere "natural history" can be a great stimulus to the power of applied reasoning; collecting is after all the modern boy's version of hunting, and if it be not too much reduced to system and made the verification of quasi-facts got up from some of the all too numerous handbooks to the country, it can be fruitful of that "knowingness"—observation followed by deduction, rapid adaptation to circumstances and patience in dealing with the vagaries of things themselves—which is the missing element in our education. Long ago Milton classed as education "the helpful experience of hunters, fowlers, and fishermen", but in those days Piscator, Venator, and Auceps might meet at the top of Totnam Hill; now the hawk-moth is the object of desire rather than the hawk, and the trapper's skill can be only widely exercised on rats and sparrows.

However "Natural History" is after all only glorified play, desirable enough to develop some faculties but not a whole training for a civilised man; the value of real scientific training lies in the way it rubs up the immature mind against the stubbornness of things. Even in elementary physical science there are few experiments which go in the very simple fashion attributed to them, and if the boy be set to work out something for himself, some series of experiments which, as Professor Armstrong insists, will put him in the position

of an investigator, he will find that he has to try back and contrive and keep on adjusting the details to the occasion in a fashion that is of the very texture of life itself. And he will learn by degrees two lessons, one of the importance of details, the other of the meaning of measurement. The Englishman is specially prone to "slap dash" methods of doing business; he only wants to get to work instead of thinking first how to begin and what resources he possesses to carry him through the undertaking. Of course it is a fault with peculiar virtues of its own; "thinking too intently on th' event" may result in inaction, but certainly it is not our national tendency to err in that direction and we can well afford to cultivate the reasoning faculties without danger of sickly over our native hue of resolution.

As to the habit of measurement, recent events have been showing us only too clearly how the slipshod prevails in all departments of national life, we all need to assimilate the old professor's appeal "Pray, sir, be definite". A more subtle result of the habit of measurement lies in the attitude it brings towards the things of the mind; when a man has found that exactitude about such simple matters as the length of a yard or the weight of a pound is merely approximate, and that a reasonably close approximation is only to be attained by care and precaution, he becomes less inclined to be dogmatic about ideas admitting of no measurement at all; "catchwords" of all sorts—"Free Trade", "Liberty", "Nationality"—become less sure foundations to build upon and are judged as they are rather than accepted as inviolable corner-stones for all time.

And as the right kind of "Nature Study" is only a recognition of the fact that field and hedgerow, meadow and garden, provide just the material for one kind of training in scientific method, herein lies the value of the subject in the elementary school, and the value of the recent exhibition in providing some examples of the true method at work. The boy who leaves school at twelve or thirteen can acquire but little useful knowledge, yet he can be given a way of looking at things which he can carry over to whatever may be his future business, he can be made to feel that reason and not only routine is at the bottom of doing, and that the world of thought or even of books may be made to piece on to the daily business of life.

#### VIEILLES CHOSSES.

BRIGHT things and sombre things, tarnished things and threadbare things, frail things, fast fading things; things and things, and all of them old things. The past in this cellar; in every corner of this cellar, the past. Ourselves the only representatives of the present: ourselves, come strangely through a hole in the wall, come down seven worn stone steps, and now waiting on the seventh. It was no more than a hole in the wall, a hole in the row of grimy old houses that stand huddled together in a crooked, cobbled street that leads off the Rue du Temple. Mist in the street, and mist drifting into the hole, and down there, beyond the seventh step, the dim light of a lamp; and down there, in vague disorder, the old things. Over the hole, on a weatherbeaten board, the name "Madame Mollard". And we peered down into the hole—but no Madame Mollard. And we paused on the fourth step—but still no Madame Mollard. And now, on the last step, in looking for Madame Mollard, we distinguish bright things and sombre things, tarnished things and threadbare things, frail things and —. "Monsieur?" An apparition, a spectre! There, in the background, a tall gaunt woman with a pale wrinkled face and large dark eyes and white tumbled hair. Old, old; in the dim light from the lamp, a hundred. Old and alone, underground, in a cellar, amidst old things. "Monsieur?" A deep, an almost sepulchral voice; and then, from us, an explanation. We would see the old things—all of them, not knowing ourselves what we want. We would go from heap to heap, from tray to tray, idly, quietly; and perhaps, Madame, in a rêverie. We have a fancy for old things: like to wonder over them: like, O most respectfully, to handle them. No—the one



dim lamp suffices: is—indeed—the very light for old things. Our thanks, Madame. Returning to the background, the tall gaunt woman takes the lamp from a stool and places it on a rough table; then seats herself on the stool, proceeds to darn a rent in a faded yellow velvet curtain. Silence in the cellar, shadows: ambiguities. And a slight mist.

Boards on the stone floor; and on the boards, heaps. But also a counter running round the cellar, and on the counter, more heaps, and trays, and here and there a flat open receptacle of wickerwork. Also, pegs for gowns. Finally, a battered lidless box of odds and ends. Embarras de choix: which heap first? And we glance at Madame Mollard; but she is darning, darning. Tapestries then; the nearest heap. Small squares, chiefly; no larger than a napkin. And some of them have been cut, are but parts: no head to this horse, and no end to the lance of that knight, and of this saint only the half. Perhaps if we shook this old piece a moth would fly out: we would like to see a moth in this half light, in this mist. And shake; but the moth must be well in: no moth. Now, a strip; next, a complete circle with what might be a throne, but faded, faded, and the figure fainter than a phantom, at all events no face. Gobelins? Madame Mollard must know; but we would pursue our researches alone, unaided, and then Madame Mollard is darning, darning that rent in the yellow velvet curtain. Old, old; her fingers tremble, and a long lock of white hair has fallen down one pale wrinkled cheek. Whose yellow velvet curtain: where has it hung: which fine window has it screened? A curtain from the Faubourg S. Germain, from a château? Heavy tassels, once a magnificent yellow: faded now but nevertheless rich. . . . Out of this tray, a tabatière, enamelled, oval-shaped, and delicate. A Watteau peasant girl on the lid—but faint. Not a grain within; but a slight musty odour. Whose tabatière? . . . And whose buckle, a massive silver buckle? A buckle for a stoutish shoe: whose shoe? . . . And of whom, this miniature? Pink cheeks, blue eyes, powdered hair, delicate eyebrows, a pure forehead. Mdle. — de — de la —? Or only the creator's ideal, dreamt of, fancied? Perhaps Mdle. — de — de la — herself, created despairingly, without her knowledge? And worn by the poor, the despairing creator even when Mdle. — de — de la — became a Marquise? . . . A tiny Sèvres tea-cup; a common iron ring; a gilt key; a silver pencil case topped with an amethyst; a silver toothpick; a string of coral; a —. Eyes watching us! Bright yellow eyes watching us from that corner! Seated on a heap of coloured stuffs—solemn, unblinking, motionless—a great black cat. And we stare back at the cat, but he remains imperturbable. And we look into other corners—but no other cats. Overhead, however, cobwebs: so, the spider. Some life then: the cat, the spider, moth. And the tall gaunt woman, with the pale wrinkled face and the tumbled white hair? Still bent over the faded yellow velvet curtain; still darning, darning.

"On ne vous dérange pas, Madame?"

"Mais faites donc, faites donc, Monsieur."

Bits of embroidery; stray shapes of satin and velvet and silk; lace, and spangled and limp and soft stuffs. Soiled, all of them; but not too soiled. To be introduced into some costume, some "creation": sewn in, "arranged", artfully displayed. Whose finery? Perhaps a débutante's, a débutante of years ago. . . . now old like the things. The first, the very first ball. What excitement, what confusion! More than one maid—every maid—not enough maids. And the débutante turned round, and told to keep still, and told to walk a little, and told to return, and told to remain "there", and not to move, not to move. Pretty, charming débutante of years ago! A little shy, and yet dignified. A little flustered, and a little flushed—but becomingly flustered and becomingly flushed. Your first bow to the world, your first triumphs, perhaps your first emotions; your first wonderings, your first doubts. Here, in this cellar, in a dim light, in the slight mist, your first ball dress: given—years later—to your maid in a moment of thoughtlessness or an hour of enqui. In this

cellar, your first ball dress—in parts, if not in its entirety. But the perfume faintly remains: your first rare subtle perfume—bouquet de violettes? essence of white roses? lilies of the valley? Faint, faint—but not altogether evaporated. And perhaps, near by, among those satin shoes, your satin shoe? almost, if not quite, white. Just a little trodden down. Your first real waltz, your first real cotillon! And yet—irony of ironies—your shoe among shoes that have been worn in bals masqués at the Opera. Long thin shoes, and tiny shoes—some of them with loose rosettes, others showing a bare place where the rosette or a jewel had been fastened. High heels, and the leather scarcely thicker than a sheet of paper. Sometimes a little rent in the satin, and the maker's name fast fading. Shoes that have stepped daring quadrilles; shoes that have trodden the thick pile carpets of the passages and salons of the old Opera, hot perfumed places, glittering, intoxicating, scene of intrigue, of orgies. The shoes of Mdle. Blanche de Montigny, most brilliant of courtesanes! And next to them, cuttings and slips and whole things from Mdle. Blanche de Montigny's wardrobe! A white velvet skirt sewn with imitation (yet admirable) pearls; disjointed satin sleeves also sewn with pearls; bespangled stuffs, sea-green gauze, a belt of sequins, a yard or so of rich yellow lace. Courtisane finery! Handed amiably to the pert soubrette (who aspired to become as favoured and notorious as her mistress) with the words:

"Prends les, ma fille. Ce ne sont que de vieilles choses?"

Or, in Mdle. Blanche de Montigny's bitter days—

"Vends les, ma fille. Nous voici dans la misère?"

The twilight of the courtesane: Mdle. Blanche de Montigny deposed!

An old water-colour—a landscape—signed "R. E. B." An early effort, or done in the painter's prime, when the painter himself had to confess that he was a failure? Sold no doubt for a five-franc piece; and the painter departed, or the painter a shabby solitary old fellow, or the painter become (deservedly or luckily) a "master". A sword . . . used in a duel? A small silver mug . . . from a godfather? Pink, black, and white dominoes: they should have been placed next to the shoes and the finery from Mdle. Blanche de Montigny's wardrobe. The bâton of some chef d'orchestre, silver mounted, of ebony. Brandished where, and how long ago, and conducting what? It would be pleasant to have here a superannuated harpist, a superannuated violinist, a superannuated cellist, led by a superannuated conductor: performing in this half light, in this slight mist, dreamily and softly, that sad refrain, "Il était une fois". A strange concert in this cellar, with Madame Mollard and her cat as spectators; and overhead the spider, and hidden in the tapestries—moth. Then, old-time waltzes, old-time cotillons—in honour of the débutante. And a gay quadrille, hummed and shouted under the Empire—in memory of the courtesane. And—

"Monsieur cherche quelque chose?"

The deep, the almost sepulchral voice; and we start, and come out of our rêverie, and apologise to Madame Mollard for our absent-mindedness and for having lingered so long. But she prays us not to "press ourselves", and murmurs the eternal, "Faites donc, faites donc", then holds a fold of the faded yellow velvet curtain up to the lamp; darts again. More heaps to examine, and particularly the heap that has been appropriated by the cat. He has been awakened by Madame Mollard's voice: is watching her steadily, unblinkingly. We dare not disturb him . . . now, he has turned his bright yellow eyes upon us. And we stare back, but he remains unmoved, imperturbable; and we are the losers in this staring match: stared out, in fact. His throne is draperies, light fantastic draperies, of the kind used extensively in the Bohemian flats of the Rive Gauche. Deceptive draperies that make a divan of a bed, discreet draperies that hide the scars on the wall; the late draperies of M. René de Précourt, of M. Aimery de la Meuse, professional pseudonyms adopted by those savage young poets and hommes de lettres who were famous in the Latin Quarter many years ago. Relics of their student days.

But now—no René de Précourt and no Aimery de la Meuse: only Charles Bernard and Georges Collin, stout bourgeois, in business at Rouen. And their draperies in a cellar and on their draperies, a black cat! Changes and changes, and not one change for the better; somebody's indifference to first possessions, or somebody's ruin. The past in this cellar; in every corner of the cellar symbols of a gay or a happy past.

"Je vous remercie, madame."

"C'est moi qui vous remercie, monsieur."

Erect now, taller and gaunter than ever, is Madame Mollard as she stands beside the rough table. At her feet, a magnificent mass, the faded yellow velvet curtain. Watching her from the heap of light fantastic curtains, with bright yellow eyes—the black cat. Both of them impenetrable, inscrutable, enigmatic! If she have a history she will keep it close; if she know secrets they will die with her. On the fourth step upwards, we look back; and down there, the dim light of a lamp, and down there, faint, a stooping figure, darning. Silence in the cellar. A slight mist. Shadows: ambiguities. In vague disorder bright things and sombre things, tarnished things and threadbare things, frail things, fast fading things; things and things, and all of them old discarded forgotten things.

#### THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

ONE of the best features of this society's exhibition has been their rule of calling up a few works, by members or others, old enough to come back with freshness. It is much more interesting thus to see one or two older pictures side by side with new than to have a whole retrospective exhibition of one man or one time. Thus the hanging of Mr. Whistler's "Mother" and "Miss Alexander" at one of the first exhibitions of the society introduced these works to a generation that only knew them by repute, and once for all affirmed that painter's disputed position. Millais' "Mrs. Bischoffsheim", Fantin Latour's "Brodeuse" and portrait of himself were other examples. This year there appears to have been a scheme for showing a selection of Mr. Orchardson's portraits, but this is postponed, and instead we have several very interesting examples of Mr. Watts.

The first, the portrait of Garibaldi, is a remarkable piece of virtuosity, paint furrowed to take a rich glaze and give the aspect of a late Titian. But there is keen drawing as well about the eye, and the golden ghostly look fits not badly with a legendary figure. The "Herr Joachim", dating from 1867, is one of the most masterly portraits by Mr. Watts. The design of the action, of the head and hands is fine, and the grave concentration of expression; and the modelling is strong and delicate. The picture is not very happily hung at the New Gallery, because the "Lady Somers", painted in a very different scheme, forces its monochromatic character into prominence. In this respect it may be compared with the little head by Mr. Whistler on the opposite wall. This supposes a subdued light, but conveys the impression of flesh colour in that light and at that distance, whereas the "Joachim" looks rather like an object dark in itself. That Mr. Watts was not content with this kind of monochromatic completeness, the "Lady Somers" goes to prove. It is no doubt a later work, perhaps also painted on at different times. Here there is an effort to come out into the light and work to a high pitch of pearly brilliance. The result is not so satisfactory. All methods have been employed; there is transparent glazing, opaque full handling, prepared under-painting with glazings and scumblings over it. But none of these proceedings results in perfectly felicitous quality, and their combination is wanting in consistency and continuity. We ask why the rough texture should have been applied to the neck; there is a break between the cheek and the other parts of the face, and there is an uncertainty about the inclination or projection in the planes of the features. The uncertainty of treatment is most marked in the hands, and we see, threatening here, that separation between structure and surface that has left much of Mr. Watts' work in a sour-milk state, half thin, half clotted,

instead of the consistent creamy condition that he evidently desired and sometimes obtained.

Disciples have an unlucky way of pouncing on what is arbitrary and negative in their master and proclaiming that as part of the true tradition in painting. When we pass from Mr. Watts to Mr. Charles Shannon we find excellent qualities of the master such as dignity of design present in the pupil's work but a curiously contracted view of what painting means. Mr. Watts, never completely satisfied, has tried for every quality in turn that painting can give; Mr. Shannon seems to have compiled the negatives, a shade of murkiness from the "Joachim" and so on, till he has reduced painting to a ghost of itself. Painting therefore, I think, has a quarrel with Mr. Shannon, like that of the lord who found that his servant had not risked either loss or gain upon his talent, but only cautiously wrapped it up. Here is a man with a talent of design and drawing rare in his generation; but when he comes to painting he asks the least possible of it, wins no interest from the new medium in colour, tone or quality, merely wraps up and obscures his drawing in layers of umber and sienna. Look at his admirable pastel of Mr. Forbes (93). There was one of Mr. Wisselingh, equally fine, at a previous exhibition and now we have the painting (5). If we peer into this we can see that it is based on a fine drawing, perhaps the best and most searching portrait-drawing Mr. Shannon has done. But in the transference from paper and line to canvas and tone the drawing has only lost visibility, and also the satisfaction we feel when means are exactly matched with ends. Tradition, if we are to speak of tradition, is clean against the confounding of a head with its background, and the very meaning of painting, as compared with drawing, is that form, in the commerce of light and colour, should win fresh usury of beauty, go not out into darkness but into the joy of its lord.

Mr. Lavery's reading of Mr. Whistler is something like Mr. Shannon's reading of Mr. Watts. The "Little Cardinal" shows us a delicately struck tone, giving the value of flesh at a certain depth of air. There is just enough modelling of this tone to suggest the rounded face, and no more. Mr. Lavery fixes on this elusive slightness as the important matter and throws away the tone (2). This is an extreme instance, but it is his tendency to think that the essential matter in modelling is flatness. Mr. Brough comes nearer his model when he is thinking of Mr. Sargent (33), than when his thoughts wander to Reynolds, Lawrence and Raeburn (78). When Reynolds painted the children of Mrs. Cockburn, I hardly think it was in a spirit of contented pride. He was glad to escape with something of their character and charm secured; but he must have reflected that he had passed over some slippery places, that various matters remained doubtful to him, that he had no drawing to spare, and that the glamour of his sense of beauty held just a little precariously over the whole performance. Mr. Brough conveys the impression that he is so proud of the insufficiencies of his structure that he advertises them and underlines them, cries out to us to come and look at them. Mr. Sargent clearly strings him up to a tenser observation.

What is to be said about Signor Mancini's painting? I notice an inclination among critics to find that their space will not allow them to discuss him. And if I interpret their state of mind rightly, it is this. They would like to condemn the painter out of hand because of his heresies in technique. But quite inconveniently he has developed, in his portrait of a boy, (61), power of a kind that makes this out and out condemnation impossible. The power I speak of is surprising enough. If we had only the head of the painter's father, (116), to look at we should pass it over as an ordinary clever head with an incoherent background. The head of himself, (100), we should judge to be the work of a talented draughtsman with a rather blatant taste. But in No. 61 he has steered past the pitfalls that lie about the painting of children so that they are either frankly incredible or sugary confections like the greater number here. (Mr. Harrington Mann's 119 deserves to be excepted.) The "Harold Ponsonby" has been rendered with a winning air of life that has nothing in it of vagueness.



of prettiness or affectation. What holds us in the result was perhaps not the prevailing object at the start. The picture seems rather to have been arranged as a piece of bravado or at least of delight in glitter. The big window opening on bright clouds and trees, the clamorous red curtain, the heavily gilded chair seem to be accumulated to "knock" one another and suffocate the portrait. Yet the portrait emerges, easily holding its own, the most vital thing in the exhibition. Under the stress of sincere contemplation the painter's vision has been surprised into a sober depth quite different from what we guess to be its ordinary superficial taste.

So much premised, let us look at the execution. Signor Mancini evidently works on the principle of positive values adopted by many modern painters; that is to say he tries to match the key of nature and not transpose into a lower. This of itself is a heresy in the view of many critics, and they sometimes try to close discussion by the general assertion that it is impossible to match the brilliancy of nature with pigments. Now there is no impossibility so long as the light that illuminates the object painted is no stronger than the light that illuminates the canvas. But these are the conditions of portrait painting when the sitter is not placed in direct sunlight, and the canvas is as near the window as the sitter. Mr. Whistler, who paints on the theory of positive values, has always contended that in portrait painting the customary pitch of painting is unnaturally bright, and he has always chosen effects well within the resources of pigment. Millais' "Beefeater" is an English example of a bright but not impossible illumination. This heresy, then, is shared by painters differing as much in character as these two, and implicitly by Mr. Watts when he painted the head of "Lady Somers". Now we come to the special heresy of Signor Mancini. When I said that pigments could match the pitch of nature under ordinary portrait conditions I went too far in this one respect that metallic surfaces, indeed all surfaces that have a greater reflecting power than canvas and pigment, produce sparkles of light that cannot be matched in the range of paint. This fact was the perpetual trouble of Constable, who delighted particularly in the sparkle of light from rain and polished leaves. All he could do to match these sparkles was to dab his brightest white on the canvas, and the merest outsider always detected the insufficiency of the proceeding. "Constable's snow" was a proverb, because these dabs had the value, not of sparkles, but of snow. Painting, if it was to represent these sparkles at all, was in this dilemma, that to give a reasonable look of sparkle to these points, the positive value of other parts must be immensely degraded and transposed, or the sparkles must be liable to misconstruction. Signor Mancini's procedure at this point is perfectly logical, if these sparkles are to come into the positive range of values. When they occur, on buttons, on jewels, on the gilding of chairs, he slips in a fragment of metal foil, which has a higher reflecting power than paint. But then, say some critics hastily, why paint at all; why not fetch in a bit of stuff for the clothes, and so on? But no; for a bit of cloth stuck on the canvas would not give the illusion of the cloth worn by the boy. The bit of tinsel is only so much pigment of a higher reflecting power than powder mixed with oil, and if we say that the tradition of painting requires that metal should not be combined with pigment, Signor Mancini might turn the tables on us by retorting that he was only reviving the practice to be found in the primitive schools of painting when metal foils were employed. For the tradition of painting is not really one tradition, but a canon of various traditions, and the appeal to it is like the miscellaneous quoting of texts of Scripture. In the end painting is judged by its conformity with reasonableness and beauty, not by its conformity with what is already in the canon. But before we say more about the sparkles, there is a third feature to be noticed. That is the extraordinary caking and clotting of pigment on some parts of the canvas. In the canon of painting degrees of impasto have been permitted, reaching sometimes to a semi-sculptural relief. (The furrows of the "Garibaldi" imply this

practice in a modest way.) But the piling on of paint here is extravagantly beyond precedent. It is not a parti-pris, like Mr. Sauter's irrelevant bed of rough cast for his whole canvas. The best parts of the picture, like the head, are painted in more normal fashion. In one instance we might suspect that actual sculpture was intended i.e. in the thick white curve that represents a cuff and projects enough to cast a shadow. This is evidently, if it is so intended, an infringement of the rules of the game in a sense in which the introduction of metal was not: the metal was brought in to do something beyond the powers of paint; the relief is employed to do something that paint can do and does elsewhere in the picture. But this does not seem to be the real explanation. In most cases it looks as if the paint had been piled on by correction after correction; and in that case evidently the workmanlike thing would have been to scrape it away and begin again. We may also suspect that the introduction of the tinsel had something to do with it; because these bits of metal need a kind of bed in which to be stuck. This is a subsidiary argument against the tinsel, since it requires so violent a disturbance of technique to admit these one or two little points of sparkle. Indeed I think reasonableness and beauty are against them on the whole, because what is gained from them is not enough to outweigh their violent interruption by a new substance of the terms of illusion. There is the further objection that this paint is liable to abrasion, to breaking off, to catching dirt. I cannot guess whether Signor Mancini's great power of representation will gain a finer balance by shedding these violent pursuits of minor points. I have no great confidence. But the faculty is prodigious, the power of eye displayed in playing up to those sparkles is astounding. Very few painters can paint a head probably against a white collar (very many do not wish to—but that is another matter), and one has only to look round the exhibition to see heads and figures succumbing to sparkles in mere pigment, not in metal at all. (See, for example, Mr. Jack's No. 30 and Mr. Henry's No. 118.) At the picture distance Signor Mancini's sparkles fall into place.

I must pass over a great deal of work, but must at least mention Mr. Strang's drawings. He has turned to the book called Holbein in the canon and worked under an exacting master with fine diligence and skill. Near these drawings is a pastel by M. Simon Bussy very charming in its colour, and a portrait by Mr. Francis Dodd that has a hopeful keenness of touch.

D. S. M.

#### A PLAY IN A SUBURB.

LAST Monday evening, in the ante-hall of Victoria Station, might have been seen a solitary figure in travelling costume. To you, perhaps, it might not have seemed solitary, for it was in the midst of a myriad of others hustling for departure. But the extremest form of solitude is, notoriously, that which one experiences in a crowd; and to me this figure, being my own, was fraught with a very real pathos, inasmuch as—but for your better understanding I resume the direct narrative. A porter, miraculously disengaged, perceived the figure, approached and accosted it. "Paris, Sir?" he asked. "No", I answered, "Camberwell", and turned on my heel. No doubt the man had meant well, but the contrast between his conjecture and the actual fact intensified too much for tears the actual fact's poignancy. To be asked if one were soaring far on pleasure's rosy and gauzy pinions, when one was only fluttering a little way on the broken wing of duty. . . . Not in itself unpleasant, the duty of seeing a new play by Mr. Frederic Fenn, whom I knew to be a promising dramatist. "Judged by Appearances", written by him alone, I remembered as a really ingenious little farce, and "Liz's Baby", written by him in collaboration with Mr. Richard Pryce, had been by far the best play of low life yet seen on the English stage—or rather, the one and only play yet inspired by a sympathetic effort to reproduce for us low life in its crude and interesting reality. Moreover, I knew that at the S. James' Theatre (after the run of Mr. Justin Huntly

McCarthy's delicate and delightful variations on the theme of Villon) Mr. George Alexander meant to produce a new Fenn-and-Pryce play. And thus . . . but it is a far cry from the S. James' to the Metropole, from King Street to Camberwell High Street. Against the suburbs, as such, I have no unmitigated prejudice. I can imagine that they are delightful to live in. I can imagine that "the return of the native" to Camberwell, or to one of Camberwell's equivalents, after long years of absence, or even after the day's work within the metropolis, is an occasion of true sentiment, even of ecstasy. But for the non-resident, for the mere casual visitor, the suburbs dangle no dear attraction. We shun them. Only under protest, in full sulks, do we go to them—patronise them, we should prefer to say. We feel that we are removing ourselves from the centre and focus of things, yet not removing ourselves far enough to feel the joy of change. A great provincial town is pleasant as another (albeit an inferior) centre of things. The depth of the country is delicious as being (at least to our narrow vision) utterly outside that cosmic radius in whose centre our place habitually is. Such a city as that which the porter at Victoria cruelly suggested as my goal is delicious as being a centre superior in almost every respect to our own. But a suburb—what is a suburb to us, but a sordid, unmeaning little effort in the mimicry of ourselves? It may be very silly of us, but the fact remains that we have scant patience with the suburbs; and the spleen at our hearts, when we visit them, is like to be vented on whatever we find there—even on a masterpiece of dramatic art. The dramatic critics, last Monday evening, were called from the Metropolis to Camberwell. Like the relatives of Captain Reece, they "attended there as they were bid: it was their duty, and they did". But Mr. Fenn must not take seriously such strictures as they may have made on his play. They were in no humour to do justice to it. At any rate, I was not. And any strictures which I may be going to make must be taken by Mr. Fenn with due regard to my admission.

He seems to me to have made one radical and fatal mistake in his scheme. He has given a frivolous development to a serious story, evidently expecting that we shall, nevertheless, be able to take the story seriously all the while, and be illuded and moved by it. Let me suggest by an hypothesis what exactly it is that he has done. I take it that most of my readers have beheld, at one time or another, Miss Vesta Tilley (is not she officially described as "London's Idol"? ) and that her name conjures up for them a definite image—the foot-lit image of a very feminine lady strutting in costume of the latest masculine pattern, and celebrating, in impassioned song, the mystic beauty of the life led by her as "one of the boys". Well! suppose that Miss Vesta Tilley were driving through a country lane, conspicuous in the habiliments in which London idolises her, and suppose that (absit omen) she were thrown out of the dog-cart and sprained her ankle, and suppose that she were carried to the house of a local baronet, and suppose that she had some good reason for not wishing the inmates of the house to suspect her real sex. From this series of suppositions what situation do you deduce? You say you imagine the local baronet throwing up his hands and exclaiming "Why, this is none other than London's Idol"? You cannot imagine him, and his relations, and his servants, being completely deceived by Miss Tilley's pretension to be an ordinary young man of fashion? You cannot imagine Miss Tilley staying in the baronet's house for a whole month, all the while being accepted all round as the best of good fellows? You cannot imagine her host inviting her, furthermore, to go and shoot big game with him in Africa? Then Mr. Fenn was too sanguine. For he expected of your imaginations no lower a flight than all this. Mrs. Kent, his heroine, is unhappily married. She is half-separated from the drunkard who is her husband. He wishes to resume cohabitation. She, to elude him, orders a masculine outfit, cuts her curly hair, and goes into the depths of the country. One day, as she is driving a dog-cart through a country lane, the horse stumbles, and she . . . for an account of her subsequent adventures, refer to my hypothesis of Miss Tilley. Here, perhaps, Mr. Fenn would interrupt me,

protesting that there is nothing inherently impossible in the notion of a woman palming herself off as a man, and that, in point of fact, there are in modern history several well-known instances of a woman palming herself off as a man, for many years. Quite so. But these deceivers have been, invariably, women of a peculiar kind—women whose nature was more masculine than feminine, and who chose a masculine life, not by caprice, but because a feminine life dissatisfied them. But Mrs. Kent is quite an ordinary woman, and she falls duly in love with the baronet who harbours her. Being an ordinary woman, she is bound to look more than ever womanly in masculine attire, and could not for a moment impose on anyone except on a blind man; and even this blind man, unless he happened to be also deaf, might have his doubts of her. Convinced that the situation is thus impossible and incredible, Mr. Fenn might yet accuse me of unfairness in dragging in Miss Tilley. He might urge that he had not conceived his heroine as looking like Miss Tilley, and that if, in point of fact, the lady cast for the part looked like Miss Tilley the fault was not his. But again Mr. Fenn would be grounded. The point is that he *ought* to have conceived his heroine as looking like Miss Tilley. She could not possibly (unless she were one of the irrelevant monsters whom I have mentioned) look like anyone but Miss Tilley. Take any real woman; send her to have her hair cut, and a suit of clothes cut, in the current mode for men, and the inevitable result will be one Idol the more for London. No one, for instance, could be less like Miss Tilley as we know her than is Miss Beryl Faber as she appears in the first and last acts of "A Married Woman". Yet in the second and third acts the illusion of identity was complete. And thus the situation was not merely incredible but also ludicrous. If the play had been a farce, neither of these two qualities would have been deprecable. But the play is conceived in all earnest. The characters are meant to be quite real to us. Unless we believe, and are moved, the whole play must fall to the ground. As we are but incredulous chucklers, it falls even so. A pity! for there is much that is good in it. The scenes between Mr. and Mrs. Kent are admirably written, Mr. Fenn shirking neither the good qualities of the unsympathetic man nor the bad qualities of the sympathetic woman. For this kind of conscience one must needs be grateful to any dramatist, even though it be displayed outside the four-mile radius. Many other good points the play had, though they were blunted for us by the duffers who had the making of them. True, Mr. Titheradge and Miss Beryl Faber, as Mr. and Mrs. Kent, played with keen spirit and intelligence; and Miss Edith Craig, in a lesser part, grafted the Terry charm on a brusque and un-Terryish realism, all her own. But the others . . . I leave them in unsalted relish of whatever praises they may have won from the critics of the local journals. MAX.

#### THE CLERICAL, MEDICAL AND GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THE Clerical, Medical and General Life Assurance Society holds its annual meeting at the end of November, and presents its accounts up to 30 June each year. Most Life offices publish their reports early in the year, and make up their accounts to 31 December. There is, however, some advantage to be derived from the publication of an annual statement at a time when it can more conveniently receive leisurely consideration; and the reports of this Society are always worth careful attention. Last year saw the close of a valuation period and an amount of surplus available for distribution among the policy-holders which was larger than on any previous occasion. A natural result of a good bonus declaration is a large influx of new business, and in this case the new policies assured a larger sum than the Society has issued in any previous year. The gross amount of the new assurances was £880,327, and the net amount retained at the Society's own risk £652,827. The average amount of each of the new policies was about £1,200, a very conclusive and satis-



factory proof of the high quality of the Society's business.

The premium income for the year also showed a greater increase than usual, and exceeded £312,000, of which 15½ per cent. was absorbed in commission and expenses. This rate of expenditure is considerably higher than usual because it includes the cost of making the quinquennial valuation. The Clerical and Medical, while ranking undeniably as one of the best of British Life offices, is not conspicuous for economical management, especially when we include among the expenses the dividends paid to shareholders, but this fact only shows that a Life office may produce excellent results even though its expenditure be higher than that of most of the best companies.

The policy-holders have every reason to be well satisfied with the results they obtain, but the shareholders have even greater cause for congratulation. The paid-up capital is £50,000 for the use of which they receive on the average about £15,000 per annum, or 30 per cent. After allowing for interest on the paid-up capital the shareholders cost the policy-holders about 4½ per cent. of the premium income, in return for which the policy-holders receive no appreciable benefit. It should, however, be remembered that arrangements have been made comparatively recently, by which, with the extension of the business, the position of the policy-holders in this connexion will gradually improve. Moreover the real test of the merits of a Life office is the results produced, and in spite of somewhat large payments to shareholders the policy-holders in the Clerical and Medical fare exceedingly well.

The rate of interest earned upon the funds last year was £3 12s. 8d. per cent., and as the Society makes its valuation on the strong basis of 2½ per cent., there is substantial margin for profit from interest; while the mortality experience of the year was unusually favourable. In this latter connexion the Society is quite exceptionally fortunate.

The report calls attention to the low rates which the Society quotes for non-participating assurance. The whole system of bonuses is evidence of ignorance, and at minimum non-profit rates non-participating assurance has many attractions. Partly because of the exceptional character of the board of directors and partly because of its great financial strength, the Clerical, Medical and General is able to issue non-participating assurance with entire confidence, at rates of premium which many other companies might hesitate to adopt. Participating policies in the Clerical, Medical and General are in the long run better investments than policies that do not share in the profits, but its without-profit policies are more attractive than the participating policies of many other companies.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LORD HUGH CECIL'S CLAUSE: AN OPTIONAL ALTERNATIVE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 Hyde Park Terrace, W., 26 November, 1902.

SIR,—I ask your permission to suggest that some such arrangement as is sketched in the following clause would probably not be open to the objections urged against the obligatory clause in the Education Bill proposed by Lord Hugh Cecil last evening.

"The managers of all public elementary schools, whether provided by the local education authority or not, may, at the request of parents of children attending such schools, permit religious instruction of such children according to the tenets and faith of their parents, in the school buildings, at hours other than those assigned for secular instruction, without making any charge for the use of such buildings, provided that the instruction be under the direction and management of a responsible person or a responsible authority duly accredited on behalf of the religious community to which the parents concerned belong, and provided that such person or authority, or the accrediting body, shall undertake to defray any necessary cost of such religious instruction and, if required, extra remuneration of the

caretaker of the school buildings and to make good any damage that might occur."

A facultative arrangement of this kind is equitable in principle for all. It could only be put into practice when expressly desired by parents, and when, in special circumstances, it might be locally convenient and acceptable. Parents who requested the suggested facility would still be free to withdraw their children if they lost confidence in the teaching. The sense of fairness of managers, stimulated, if necessary, by local opinion, might surely be trusted to concede the facility (at the cost of those who asked for it), wherever practicable without serious disadvantage to secular education and school discipline, and in due accord with the school teachers. Your obedient servant,

NATHANIEL LOUIS COHEN.

## HYMNOLOGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Montreal, 1 November, 1902.

SIR,—I have read with pleasure your article upon Hymnology and hope the writer thereof will see his way ere long to return to this little-understood subject.

As regards an authoritative hymn book for the whole Church of England, I am afraid in the present excited state of party feeling such a thing is hardly possible. Some years ago the attempt was made in the American Episcopal Church, all the High Church hymns being duly emasculated to please the opposite party and those of a Calvinistic tenor left as they were, being, I suppose, for some reason esteemed harmless. The book is a colourless hodge-podge and satisfactory only to those who do not think.

What chance would there be now of the Low Churchmen allowing any good eucharistic hymns to appear un mutilated or the "Dies iræ" to be inserted without its final and characteristic lines being lopped off? The idea is a fond delusion and any hymns of real liturgical merit would have to be bargained for by the insertion of such statements as that—

"Doing is a deadly thing  
Doing ends in death."

As regards the hymns "Ancient and Modern", your remarks are exceedingly to the point. I have been expecting in vain for years to see something of the sort in print and I trust they will bring forth fruit in the minds of the editors, but besides the objectionable types you call attention to with so much justice, there are other hymns to be found in this generally excellent collection, which I verily believe are only tolerated because nobody takes the trouble of reading them with attention. Notice for instance the following—

"Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced  
The saints build up thy fabric  
And the corner stone is Christ."

Walls may certainly be correctly described as "ageless" when they are still in process of building; and amethyst as "unpriced" when it is common enough to be used in masonry work, but the writer probably meant the opposite to what his words in each case expressed. The idea seems to be, in some editorial minds, that a passage or expression in a hymn must be considered as beyond cavil if only it can be referred back, however indirectly, to some obscure or metaphoric passage in Holy Scripture.

On this fallacy, hardly short of direct superstition, one might enlarge to the length of a volume but, not to detain you unduly, I will only call your attention, by way of conclusion, to hymn No. 431 commencing—

"Disposer Supreme  
And judge of the earth."

This production begins with a text from the nineteenth psalm—"Their sound went into all the earth and their words unto the ends of the world"—language applied by the psalmist to the firmament and heavenly bodies, but the hymn at once starts off with a jumble seemingly meant to follow one of S. Paul's hurried and broken metonymies.

The writer certainly deserves our sympathy in his

equal struggle with an accursed pento-syllabic metre but notwithstanding we are driven to ask how, if the earthen vessels containing "riches" are "broken and gone", the light can be said to shine through them, or their "sound" to "go forth", as a later stanza has it, in any circumstances. Where is such a mixture of ideas to be found in any secular production? Why should we in the solemn aisles of prayer be irresistibly reminded of the groves of Blarney?

Yours truly,  
T. HENRY CARTER.

#### "MR. ARCHDEACON."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rochester, 25 November, 1902.

SIR,—There is an odd slip of the pen in the early part of this article. It is stated that "then only when royal edict has robbed our Hundred and County Courts of secular pleas can there be Canon Law Courts on English soil". It is obvious that for "secular" we should read "ecclesiastical". It is perfectly true that in pre-Norman times the Bishop sat in the shire-moot, and that there was not that rigid definition of the respective spheres of Church and State which was introduced after the Norman Conquest; but it is also true that he had, as a spiritual officer, his religious jurisdiction, and this he no doubt exercised in accordance with the canons of the Church. What we now know as the "Corpus Juris Canonici" belongs no doubt to a later age, but there were collections of canons which were recognised as having a certain authority from the sixth century onward.

A little lower I read, "it is further a suspicious circumstance, pointing to the fact that they do not think his goings on quite priestly, that they [who are "they"?] usually keep him in deacon's orders". What would be unbecoming in a priest would not be very becoming in a deacon; but the simple fact is that from the beginning of the Church to the end of the twelfth century, the chief deacon was of course a deacon. Thomas Becket, who was an Archdeacon, was only ordained priest on the eve of his consecration as Archbishop; Peter of Blois, who was Archdeacon of Bath, refused to be ordained priest because he preferred to continue Archdeacon. My predecessor Anketil, at the time of the Domesday Survey, seems to have been a priest, but this is, I believe, a rare exception. But in fact Stratford's "Extravagants", from which almost the whole of "Mr. Archdeacon" is derived, belong to the middle of the fourteenth century, when Archdeacons were usually priests. These Constitutions do not relate to Archdeacons only—for instance, they forbid Bishops' porters and barbers to take tips from clerks—but certainly Archdeacons and their followers seem to have been the worst offenders, and I can readily imagine that the arrival of the Archidiaconal troop in a village would be looked upon as a calamity. It may be noticed that even in his revised scale of fees the Archbishop gives the Archdeacon forty pence—a considerable sum in those days, perhaps equivalent to two guineas—as a fee for inducting, in addition to entertainment for himself and his men. In these degenerate days, so far as my experience goes, an Archdeacon receives nothing for inducting.

At the end of the article I read, "Of late he [the Archdeacon] has taken when he walks abroad to habit himself as a Bishop." It is by no means "of late" that he has done so. Up to the end of the eighteenth century there is no question that Archdeacons wore the usual dress of dignitaries. Archdeacon Law of Rochester, who held the office from 1767 to 1827, seems also—to judge from his bust in Chatham Church—to have worn a wig similar to a bishop's, and probably he was not singular. Even sixty years ago, all the Archdeacons whom I knew by sight—not a very numerous body certainly—wore gaiters and shovel-hats. At a somewhat later date it became much more usual for Archdeacons to content themselves with the ordinary dress of the clergy, as I suppose many do still.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
S. CHEETHAM,  
Archdeacon of Rochester.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your brilliant and instructive article on "Mr. Archdeacon" omitted all mention of perhaps the oldest and certainly the most singular of all these Archidiaconal offices. The Archdeaconry of Westminster boasts of a pedigree of seven centuries, Crokesley, Abbot of Westminster, having been elected Archdeacon of Westminster in 1246. For many years the Archdeacon of Westminster exercised jurisdiction in the Consistory Court under the South-western Tower, and wills were proved in his Court till the year 1674. An Archdeacon of Westminster is still elected by the Chapter, though the various functions formerly appertaining to his office have been distributed amongst other courts and authorities, and little is left to him beyond a seat in Convocation. He is however, as heretofore, wholly exempt from all Episcopal jurisdiction, and in immediate dependence upon the Crown alone.

I am, Sir, &c.  
RECTOR.

#### BAD LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol,  
18 November, 1902.

SIR,—If no giant who knows the people will enter the fray—with the bludgeon of the butcher or scalpel of the surgeon—you must really let a pigmy say a few words.

I left England in 1872 and returned in 1896. I affirm that *oi πολλοί* of the present day are incomparably superior in manner and speech to those of 1872. Young girls travel about alone and in safety; cabmen are polite; omnibus conductors, consulted, will even stop to point out "short cuts" to your destination; the veriest scarecrow is ready and glad to show you your way—was this so thirty years ago? Consult "Punch", the recorder of manners and speech—*pace* the admirable Phil May whose guttersnipes, I tremble to suggest, exist only in his artistic imagination.

And the one, marked, word of bad language? I travel in a third-class carriage and seldom hear it. But surely the critics of the people are educated? And, if so, "by'r lady" should not be very offensive—it was not to these critics' ancestors. I fear, Sir, the true offence lies in this:—The people are beginning to respect themselves. I even look forward to the time when, as in France, I must, to obtain a pennyworth of apples from a street vendor, take off my hat and use like words to "S'il vous plaît, Madame". This change angers those who still look for the worship of clothes and find it not.

Your obedient servant,  
F. C. CONSTABLE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Avebury, Bournemouth, 20 November, 1902.

SIR,—In contrast to the subject of your correspondents' complaints may I state that for some months past the main streets of Bournemouth have been occupied by an army of "navvies" doing tramway work, and the absence of bad language among these men is most remarkable. I do not think I have ever seen a quieter and more orderly set of men, they are sober and well behaved in every respect and have given the police no trouble and although one might expect a certain amount of strong language from this class of men I have not heard a word to which anyone could take exception.—I am, your obedient servant,

J. DRUITT, JR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 November, 1902.

SIR,—For superficial reasoning and inaccurate deduction, the letter from Mr. W. J. Garnett in your issue of the 8th inst. would—in one at least of its aspects—be hard to beat.

Mr. Garnett has for some years walked through Covent Garden Market, and has noticed the absence of bad language among the porters. I have been engaged in



the market every business day for many years. I am daily reminded of its presence. The language habitually used by the frequenters of Covent Garden—porters and tradesmen alike—is largely odious and disgusting—that is, if one judges the place and its denizens from an ordinary standpoint. But I think that the porters are little worse than many other people in the market, and I believe that a better standard of conversation might well be initiated all round. I should like to say, too, that if one wishes to preserve a proper atmosphere in the matter, so far as concerns oneself, one can. Though in daily contact with the porters, I have rarely, scarcely ever, been met with bad language or disrespect. That is because I treat them with politeness.

As to the church services to which Mr. Garnett alludes as having had so sweet and soothing an effect on the Covent Garden Chesterfields, has he, I wonder, ever attended any of these services? I have: (I have heard Dr. Temple, Canon Scott Holland, and other eminent divines on such occasions); and a Covent Garden porter is rarely to be seen among the congregation, which consists of clerks, residents of the locality, and general business men.

Faithfully yours,

A COVENT GARDEN BUYER.

P.S.—I am sorry to have to take refuge in pseudonymity, but were I to reveal myself I should probably be a marked man and the recipient of a bashed head, broken nose, or some such pretty piece of pleasantry—I enclose my card.

#### THE INACCURACIES OF AUTHORS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bhera, Punjab, 16 October 1902.

SIR,—I am astonished that your correspondent Mr. Warren (vide SATURDAY REVIEW, 13 September) should refer to the inconsistencies in Thackeray's "Newcomes," and should omit the "monstrous blunder" (as Thackeray himself describes it) by which the author kills Lord Farintosh's mother in chapter 56 and brings her to life again in chapter 59.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H.

#### THE KENYON-SLANEY AMENDMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am a firm believer in reasonable popular control. I have no sympathy with the proselytising priest. I am quite ready to do battle with clerical tyranny in any form, be it in a Board or a Church of England school. In fact in my own school district I have already done so with excellent results.

But on the other hand knowing as I do something of the petty meanness and spitefulness that disfigure village life I don't think it is fair play, assuming the earlier version of the Kenyon-Slaney amendment to be the correct one, to give a manager who happens to have a grudge on quite another matter against the parson the chance of baiting that unfortunate individual indefinitely under the cloak of religion, not to mention the supreme joy of excluding him from his own school. Think of giving a pack of schoolboys the chance of kicking their master out of the class-room and you will understand the situation on its less offensive side. When one realises, however, that the local butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker are made the final court of appeal in matters theological, one can only murmur "Bottom thou art translated". Colonel Kenyon-Slaney would apparently establish an Œcumenical Council in every parish. Surely if the subject were not a serious one, such exquisite fooling would move to mirth the most laughter-lacking soul. Could a more delightful instance be found of our child-like belief that where two or three otherwise commonplace persons are gathered together in the name of popular control, there infallibility is in the midst of them. One can understand how such persons consider they know all there is to know about education. That is a conviction they share with the vast majority of their fellow-countrymen, but to think that popular

election makes theologians of us all is only to be paralleled by the stoic paradox that the cobbler who has got wisdom is the universal wiseacre.

Yours faithfully,

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

P.S.—The best solution seems to be to entrust the control of the religious teaching to the managers, but if they desire to exclude the clergyman, and there are cases conceivable in which such action should be desirable, they must appeal to the Bishop on moral or doctrinal grounds, and the Bishop's decision should be final. In this way the cantankerous manager will be checkmated and the undesirable parson ejected if necessary from the school.

#### AN INTERNATIONAL ANOMALY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

61 Friends Road, E. Croydon,

14 November, 1902.

SIR,—I hope I may invoke your powerful aid in ventilating, if not in sweeping away, an anomaly which in these days of reciprocity certainly ought not to exist. I sometimes have occasion to send small sums of money to France, using Post Office Orders for the purpose and, as everybody knows, the tariff is as follows:

Not exceeding £2	6d. (minimum).
" £6	1s.
" £10	1s. 6d.

The minimum is, of course, onerous for sums under £1, but until lately I was in blissful ignorance of the fact that the cost of sending money orders from France to England is not based on the same tariff. Now, what is sauce for the goose is surely, in this case, sauce for the gander also. Even if the business involved a loss to the Government, we should be as ready to suffer such loss as our neighbours across the Channel. Here is the French tariff: 10c. per 10 francs (i.e. 1d. per 8s. or fraction), with, of course, a minimum of 10c. Now to charge 1d. for any sum up to 8s. is a very different thing from 6d.: the latter is almost prohibitive, whereas a scale beginning as low as 1d. and advancing by steps of 1d. per 8s. seems equitable. If such is their object, why should the English Government wish to discourage the transmission of small sums between the two countries by means of P.O.O.'s any more than the French Government?

Trusting that you will find space for this letter, in order to call public attention to the existing state of things,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

EDWARD LATHAM.

P.S.—I admit that for sums ranging from over 96s. to 120s., and from over 144s. to 200s. the French scale is dearer than ours, but a penny or two on these sums is of little moment and cheques are more available in either direction.

#### PYTHON-FEEDING AT THE ZOO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bristol, 18 November, 1902.

SIR,—I do not know anything about the python and its "goat", but some years ago, quite by accident, I saw the pythons fed on rabbits and ducks. I can testify that up to the moment before their death they walked round and on the pythons as unconcernedly as though the cage were empty. Their death was compassed with a swiftness that is almost inconceivable unless seen, "like a flash of lightning" the python's coil was round them and they were dead, this is a literal fact.

I understand, but I am not a naturalist, that pythons will not feed on anything excepting what they kill themselves and at their own time, but even if it were otherwise the creatures that have to die for their food could not be put out of pain more mercifully by the arch-destroyer man himself. To publish such words as the "repulsive tragedy of the python and its goat" seems to me to be very unfair to the authorities of the "Zoo".

Yours truly,

GEO. E. BLOOD.

## THE HUSTLING AWAY OF JAMES II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 November, 1902.

SIR,—In answer to C. W. who accuses me of inaccuracy I hope you will allow me to show not only the unqualified correctness of my facts but also that he has himself fallen into much confusion. There can be no doubt that the statue of James II. at Whitehall was the gift of Tobias Rustat, the work of Grinling Gibbons, and erected on 31 December, 1686. If C. W. will turn to the autobiography of Sir John Bramston published by the Camden Society he will find the following entry:—

"On New Year's Day (1686-87) a statue in brass was to be seen, placed the day before, in the yard at Whitehall, made by Gibbons, at the charge of Toby Runstick, of the present king, James II." In Peck's "*Desiderata Curiosa*", Vol. II. p. 50 is a list of the benefactions of Tobias Rustat, keeper of Hampton Court and Yeoman of the Robes to Charles II. and James II. Among others is this entry: "A free gift to their majesties K. Charles II. and K. James II. of their statues in brass; the former placed upon a pedestal in the royal hospital at Chelsea, and the other in Whitehall—one thousand pounds." Besides these two statues the loyal Toby presented to Charles II., the equestrian statue at Windsor which Evelyn saw in July 1680 and described in his diary. The celebrated statue of Charles I. at Charing Cross was cast by Herbert Le Sœur, a French artist of distinction, in the year 1633, fifteen years before Gibbons was born.

As to the statue of James II. I should like with your permission briefly to quote the opinions of its merits formed by some distinguished men. Horace Walpole writing in 1762 says that "there is great ease in the attitude and a classic simplicity". He adds that he knows of "no other artist of that time capable of it". Pennant (1790) describes it as a "noble" statue. Hughson (1817) writes of it: "The attitude is free and easy, the execution finished and perfect; and the expression of the face is inimitable, as it depicts the very soul of the unhappy monarch whom it is intended to commemorate".

Nearly all the nineteenth-century writers on London have joined in this chorus of applause and one can only look upon the fate of the statue as another instance of the ill luck that has always attended the fortunes of the House of Stuart.

Your obedient servant, F. C. H.

## THE NERVE EFFECT OF MODERN FIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I venture to send you an extract from a letter I received dated 4 May last, from an officer commanding a British infantry battalion who has been through the late war from Talana to the ending of it. "These theorists" he writes "who make no allowance for men's nerves, and morale do harm. The Continental nations will have awful slaughter in their first battles if they try their impossible attacks on positions, by masses of men. Everybody can realise, without being a soldier, that the demoralising effect of fire is much greater than it was in former times. Now men begin to be knocked over, by bullets coming from nobody can tell where, and when still about a mile or more from the enemy's position. In the old days (say when Molwitz was fought) musketry fire did not tell until within some 150 yards of the enemy who could easily be seen from such near approach. A rush over 150 yards is not much for men thus attacking. The casualties then were more numerous than they are now in proportion to numbers engaged, but still the demoralising effect was not nearly so long operating on men's nerves, and therefore was not nearly so trying as at present.

When with General Buller, working up to Lydenburg after relief of Ladysmith, one of the casualties, in this officer's battalion was a man killed by a Mauser bullet fired from a distance of 2,000 yards or rather more, a random shot needless to say by an enemy unseen.

Yours faithfully,

EMERITUS, R.A.

## REVIEWS.

## INNOCUOUS GOSSIP.

"Recollections of a Diplomatist." By the Right Honourable Sir Horace Rumbold Bart. London: Arnold. 1902. 2 Vols. 25s. net.

SIR HORACE RUMBOLD tells us a good deal about both sides of his family in the opening chapter of these volumes. Whilst he was on the subject, it is a pity that he stopped at his grandfather, Sir George Rumbold, who was quite commonplace, and that he did not tell us something about his great-grandfather, the founder of the family, who was decidedly interesting. Sir Thomas Rumbold was one of the typical nabobs in London society at the end of the eighteenth century, and had a romantic career. According to Horace Walpole, Thomas Rumbold began life as a waiter at White's Club, and ended it as a baronet, a member of Parliament, and the possessor of a "plum" estimated, by the same authority, at a million sterling. He was the subject of George Selwyn's mot that "everything comes to him who knows how to wait"; and though the story of White's is probably untrue, it is certain that young Rumbold left London at an early age as valet, or secretary, or both, to the Governor of Fort St. George: that he ultimately was appointed to that post himself, and that he was mixed up in the usurious transactions by which the Nabob of Arcot was ruined. Pitt's Government began proceedings against Sir Thomas Rumbold on his return, by which Walpole maliciously anticipates that the nabob will be made to "disgorge". But after a bill of pains and penalties had been dropped, and reports and inquiries had gone on for two years, "the worthy baronet", as Burke always called him, was left in possession of his pagodas, which did not however descend to the author of the present *Reminiscences*. Sir Thomas Rumbold, having worked hard for his baronetcy, with strange perversity disinherited his eldest son, and left his ill-gotten rupees to the children of a second wife. This is a very good reason why his memory should not be cherished by the descendants of that eldest son. Still, Sir Horace Rumbold gossips so much about all sorts and conditions of men and women that we are disappointed in finding no new light cast by his family researches upon one of the most interesting, if sinister, figures of the days of Pitt and Burke.

We fancy that to succeed in the diplomatic service a man must be a good deal of a cosmopolitan, either by training or taste. To the ordinary English youth, who has passed his time between Eton, Oxford and his father's country house, the lounging, dancing life in foreign capitals would be intolerable. Sir Horace Rumbold was cosmopolitan to his finger tips. One of his aunts married a Prince de Polignac: another aunt was the Baroness de Delmar. The young diplomatist was brought up in the best Parisian society, and no doubt spoke the French of that world.

These volumes are pleasant reading, for they are the easily flowing, gossipy, record of diplomatic society in the various capitals of Europe between the years 1850 and 1870. It must have been a delightful life for one who was not a sportsman—a long-drawn dream of fair women, private theatricals, waltzing, and cigarette smoking, with just enough of politics and despatch-writing thrown in to give one an appetite for supper. But we cannot say that there is anything remarkable, either in the way of portraiture or politics, in these volumes, nor, as they come to an end in 1871, anything to flutter the diplomatic doves by their personalities, or to justify the remark that the book would cost Sir Horace his pension. Two things only impressed us in the second volume, namely, the description of a visit to Balmoral, and an account at first hand of the diplomacy of Russia during the great war between France and Prussia in 1870. Both are worthy of transcription. The Pei-ho disaster, now forgotten, but of which Sir Horace gives a vivid and interesting account, took place in 1859. By the Treaty of Peking 1858 Lord Elgin wrung from the Chinese Court the right of residence at Peking of the representatives of foreign Powers. In the following summer Mr. Bruce, Lord Elgin's brother, and the



French Minister, supported by their respective war ships, endeavoured to force the mouth of the Pei-ho river so as to proceed by Tientsin to Peking. The French and English were repulsed with considerable loss by the Chinese forts at Taku, and Mr. Bruce thought it expedient to send home Mr. Rumbold to explain personally to the Foreign Office how the disaster happened. After reporting himself in London, Mr. Rumbold received the Queen's commands to proceed to Balmoral, as Her Majesty wished to hear from the lips of one who had been present some details of the fiasco. Balmoral was at that time a six hours' drive from Blairgowrie station: it was raining cats and dogs: and the young secretary of legation was by mistake driven off in the carriage that had been sent to meet the Secretary of State, Sir George Cornwall Lewis. After a silent dinner, neither the Queen nor the Prince Consort saying more than a few words, the circle was formed in the drawing-room, and Her Majesty in due course talked for a few minutes with Mr. Rumbold about the Chinese mission. Sir Horace writes enthusiastically about the Queen's charm of voice and manner, though Prince Albert "did not make upon me an altogether pleasing impression", a certain stiffness, not to say hauteur, being put down to shyness. The next day Mr. Rumbold found, as others have found, that there was nothing to do at Balmoral but to sit in his bedroom, where he prepared himself with plans and sketches of the Pei-ho action for a royal interview. Judge of his surprise when Lord —, the then Master of the Household, came into his room, and after offering to send him over to Lord John Russell at Abergeldie, where he had not been invited, finally told him, "your name is not down on the dinner list for to-night". "Oh, I see now; notice to leave! How can I get away from here?" "Well, I don't know," he replied, looking, I must say, red and uncomfortable. "A coach passes here three times a week, though I can't say whether this is the day. But I will go and inquire." He soon came back to say there was no coach. I represented to him that as I must go at once, I hoped he would provide me with some conveyance. This he promised to do, and, having meanwhile summoned Perrini, had my things packed with all speed. At two o'clock I went down to luncheon and took leave of the household. Sir George Lewis did not conceal his surprise when I announced my departure, and shortly before three I left the castle by a back door, where I found a dog-cart with a stableman out of livery, next to whom I took my seat, with Perrini and my luggage back to back with me. Thus, in the pouring wet, with such shelter as my umbrella afforded, I was driven the eight or nine miles that divide Balmoral from Castletown of Braemar. . . . I could get no farther that day, and thus had to spend the rest of the afternoon and evening in a cold cheerless room at the inn, eat a solitary dinner, and then undergo the discomfort, and in my weak state of health the fatigue, of starting at day-break next morning to catch the first train that left Blairgowrie." Such was a commanded visit to Balmoral in the sixties! It strikes us as treating even a secretary of legation with but scant courtesy and does not accord with the usual reports about the Queen's consideration for others. Doubtless the whole thing was due to the incompetence of the Master of the Household.

In 1868 Rumbold was appointed to the Secretaryship of the Embassy at S. Petersburg, and we consider this quite the most interesting part of his diplomatic experiences. Sir Horace tells us that during the war between France and Prussia the Russian Government was the enemy of France. "It was the Imperial Government which had all along frustrated every attempt at mediation." M. de Westmann, the Adjoint Minister for Foreign Affairs, told our Secretary of Legation, unofficially of course, that "the final eclipse of France would be no European calamity". As Sir Horace says, little justice has been done us in France for sympathies which grew stronger as the struggle went more against her: but, knowing the dross of *cartes*, it must have been annoying to hear the French *Chargé d'Affaires* expatiating about "*les sympathies Russes pour nous*". The object of this anti-French policy soon appeared. Russia denounced the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty

of Paris. But does it not show what so-called national friendships are worth? Sir Horace maintains that even now Russia thinks more of Germany than of France. As these reminiscences stop at 1871, and as Sir Horace Rumbold only retired from the Embassy at Vienna the other day, we have here barely half the diplomatist's life. If the ex-Ambassador is going to give us two more volumes, ranging from 1871 to 1902, they may be more interesting — they will certainly be more dangerous.

#### THE ART OF WALTER CRANE.

"The Art of Walter Crane." By P. G. Konody. London: Bell. 1902. £3 3s. net.

MR. WALTER CRANE, it appears, has recently returned from a kind of triumphal Continental progress, which no one will grudge to the artist of the "Baby's Opera"; and this handsome volume, with its very rich illustration of his work of all kinds, may be regarded as the English equivalent of the tributes that culminated in the fervent speeches at Buda-Pest. Mr. Konody quotes from these eulogies, and he tells us that in the Continental view of our recent art, of what they call "the English Renaissance", two men stand out above the others, William Morris and Walter Crane; that Morris is something of "a myth" abroad and Mr. Crane is looked upon as the great reformer of our art and society. He urges, further, that the foreigner sees these things in their true relations better than the native. The facts, of course, do not quite fit with this view. Mr. Crane has his claim to originality on his own special field of the children's books, his bringing in of a fashion derived from Japanese colour-printing to the rendering of his own charming fantasies; but the general order of ideas in which he moves and the decorative fashion in wall-papers and fabrics that he has cultivated were not originated by him. The order is Ruskin and Rossetti, then Morris and Burne-Jones, then Walter Crane. We may even regret that the influence of these stronger spirits deflected Mr. Crane not a little from his natural orbit. The perfect master of white mice and little pigs loses his peculiar charm when fun goes out of his work. This volume gives a full opportunity for studying Mr. Crane's art in all its aspects. It is first and foremost an exhibition of his designs. These are excellently reproduced, many of them in colour, and include examples of the children's books, of pages of text and illustration combined, of paintings and modelled work, of designs for the applied arts, of lecture diagrams, even of diary sketches. All this is supplemented with useful chronological lists of books and pictures.

Mr. Konody's part was a difficult one to play. The practice of combining exhibition and criticism of a living artist's work in the same volume is not, we think, a very sound one. It would be rather absurd to issue careful reproductions of pictures and slate them in the text. Mr. Konody does not go so far as this, but he is uneasy about the pictures and makes various critical reservations. The alternative is a kind of writing of which we see far too much in the art magazines and illustrated "monographs", a dribble of eulogy that means nothing. Better, we think, when the exhibition is so all inclusive, would be a plain narrative of facts.

Mr. Konody begins with a chapter entitled "Art and Socialism". Over the topics handled here we think that a free and discriminating critic of Mr. Crane would pass lightly. Doubtless the ideas of socialism and of the "craftsman-artist" have occupied a good deal of Mr. Crane's thought and speech; but they have little to do with his actual position as an artist. The general idea, we may put it, is that the three-cornered group normally engaged in the production of applied art, namely the professional middle-class designer, the skilled or mechanical workman and the capitalist should be resolved into one person, who should carry out his own designs with his own hands and win the full wages of brains and manufacture. William Morris was able to some extent to resume the whole group into himself. He learned and practised various branches of craftsmanship, though he continued to employ workmen who had no part in the design of

what they produced. And he was able to suppress the capitalist to this extent, that by hereditary fortune he was the capitalist himself and thus obtained the capitalist's profit as well as the designer's wages. Mr. Crane appears to have been the normal professional designer, exploited in the ordinary way by the capitalist (publisher, wall-paper maker, and so forth,) and handing over his illustrations or designs to be carried out by workmen in the usual way. The crafts he has practised are those of the painter and modeller, those, in fact, which are usually assumed under the name "artist".

Over these paintings and sculptures also we think it would be judicious to pass lightly. Mr. Crane made some promising beginnings in portrait painting, (witness the head of Mrs. Crane opposite p. 88 and the head of the mother with the child a little further on) before he said good-bye to close study of life. The stereotype that has served him since then as an element in decoration has become progressively less bearable in form and sentiment (see for its final state "A Stranger" opposite p. 102). Some of his recent landscape sketches, it is interesting to note, show a return from the decorative mill to something more like the earlier and closer feeling for nature. These are to be seen, side by side with dreadful pieces of humanity, in an exhibition now open at the Doré Gallery. The form of picture that has most haunted Mr. Crane's imagination is that of a procession of allegoric figures. Playfully employed, as in "Luckieboy's Party" it has been a capital form. But the attempt to give it ambitious scope has led to pictures like "The Bridge of Life". A bridge is a possible image of life, if we think of life as a narrow way suspended over a gulf, or as the road between two sundered worlds. Could anything be more self-defeating in allegory than to shape this into the bridge over a canal, and add the commodity of two ferry boats? It is a fatal mixture of images.

We should not lay great stress, either, upon the books that belong to the Morris cycle. They are demonstrations, indeed, of the principle of a unit of thickness, so to speak, relating lettering with the engraver's line. But the lettering itself is so poor, and the illustrations so emptied of all but this demonstration, that we should prefer a good ordinary type and drawings with more drawing in them, even if they were wanting in this one out of all the decorative requirements.

And so we come back to what we started with. Mr. Crane is an unsurpassed illustrator of children's books. His drawing, when he applied it to these subjects, was still closely observant, observant of the fun and playful beauty to be got out of beasts and things and people. When it departed from nature, the departure was governed by fun as well as the pattern sense; it was caricature drawing. In this cycle, moreover, Mr. Crane introduced delightful figures of contemporary life. His mothers and nurses and parkkeepers of the 'seventies are infinitely better than his allegoric lay figures because they have a double root in life and design. Lavish as the illustrations are, we grudge the absence of various masterpieces from the "Fairy Ship" and its companions and the two Baby's books. On the other hand two designs are given here from a much less familiar source, "Mrs. Mundi at Home", on whose selection we congratulate the author. The little figure of Morris in one of them shows what an admirable gift of characteristic drawing was Mr. Crane's, applied at the right point; and the picture of Sol with his team of horses is a remarkable piece of playful design. The wall papers we look upon as extensions of the toy books; one section, at least, of the "House that Jack built" is a perfect piece of humorous arabesque. Mr. Konody will have it that the object of these toy books was not to amuse but to educate. How perverse a way of taking these happy fancies!

#### FRANCISCANS THROUGH A FALSE GLASS.

"Sons of Francis." By Anne Macdonell. London: Dent. 1902. 12s. 6d. net.

"THEY fear psychology", says Miss Macdonell, speaking of the severely critical modern Bollandists. And no wonder, if psychology be anything like the cranky, crotchety, perturbed spirit

which pervades this book. There is no gainsaying Miss Macdonell's erudition; her industry deserves all praise; she has read widely; she has apparently consulted all the main sources for each one of her studies. Then she has an undeniable gift of portraiture (see the sketches of S. Celestine V. and the chronicler Salimbene); her vocabulary is good though at present not sufficiently under control; if she had but taken her authorities as she found them and reproduced them objectively, we have no sort of doubt that she would have given us a good and a useful book. But as it is, "psychology" has got into her every page, and like some mischievous imp has paralysed judgment, obscured vision, distorted fact, misquoted texts, and generally puddled the clear if narrow streams of history which have descended to us from the thirteenth century. The book will have a warm welcome in certain quarters. There is a class of person in the present day composed chiefly of invertebrate rationalists and latitudinarian Christians, who are creating a new kind of cult (it is little better than a pose) for certain Saints. But as the dogmas of the Saints are extremely repugnant to this class of poseur, and as the cruel mortifications of the Saints shock and outrage their sense of propriety, so they give us fantastic pictures of the Saints to suit their own sensibilities, which are utterly removed from fact as it has come down to us from the original and only sources. Only lately we called attention to a Professor Bertolini, an Italian, who publicly reading the "Cantico del Sole" omitted the line which acknowledges Saint Francis' belief in eternal punishment, and deliberately added to the Franciscan rule a clause breathing defiance of Papal interference. This of course is an extreme case. Nor do we mean to assert that Miss Macdonell belongs to this unhealthy school, though it is certain that her book will be warmly welcomed by them. There certainly is on page 229 an open confession of Francis' orthodoxy, but the effect of that is nullified by her general treatment of the Saint and his disciples. She is of opinion that his system was not ascetic; that he was a true Pantheist—"true Pantheist, however good a Catholic—and indeed where is the contradiction?" (it is to be regretted that the writer did not go through a course of logic before taking up with "Psychology"); that he founded an Order but did not shape it, in spite of the rules he wrote and the chapters he convened. "There is a determined theory that Francis formed the Franciscan Order" she says, and the theory is likely to persist as long as there are people who can see straight. Of the Blessed Ægidius she tells us airily that "Giles reached where there are no such things as creeds", yet in the very Life of him which she frequently quotes the great ecstatic cries in a fervent outburst of enthusiasm "O Roman Church, our holy Mother, we ignorant and wretched creatures do not know thee or thy goodness. Thou teachest us the way of salvation, &c." (Chron. XXIV., Gen. p. 106). The Blessed Jacopone da Todi is accused of "complete indifference to final damnation or salvation". And observe that it is not a Quietist indifference, but a haughty indifference ("Besides, he had returned to his earlier haughty indifference on the matter of salvation". This singular accusation is based on four lines in a poem of Jacopone's which might bear this interpretation if taken literally, but which must be interpreted by the light of an ecstatic's mysticism and the measure of a poet's license. The context abundantly shows that Jacopone held no such heretical doctrine, and this is still more clearly proved by the imprimatur of an Inquisitor General affixed to the 1617 edition of his poems. Throughout it is obvious that Miss Macdonell has little theology, and what may you hope to know of thirteenth-century religious life (and of the life of thirteenth-century Religious) without abundant systematic theology? And if she has little theology she has even less liturgy. She speaks of a Franciscan "taking" communion, and twice on one page renders "missa juvare" as to serve at Matins.

There is not a single reference to the numerous quotations with which this bulky volume abounds. We have therefore been at the pains to verify only a



few, but with startling results. Take this as a specimen of the twist that the imp psychology can give to a plain statement:

Miss Macdonell.  
"But", asked Giles, (of S. Bonaventure), "can an ignorant man love God as much as a lettered one? Could a poor widow love him more than a Master of theology?" The Minister General hauled his Christianity up to the surface, and replied fittingly, &c.

Chronica XXIV. Generalium.  
"And Brother Ægidius said: 'Can an ignorant man love God as much as a learned man?' The General replied: 'A little old woman can love Him more than a Master in Theology.'"

Now observe what has happened here. The simple humble reply of S. Bonaventure has been taken out of his mouth, and is turned into a question in the mouth of the blessed Ægidius, while the great doctor (a pet aversion of the poseurs) is made to cut a sorry figure. We wonder what epithet an old Edinburgh or Quarterly reviewer would have given to this sort of thing? And it is not once, it is several times in the same chapter, that we find the same inability to quote straight. Now it is addition, now subtraction, now mistranslation,—but nearly always a false impression is somehow conveyed when an attempt is made to render a passage from a Latin text. We regret to have to condemn a book which should have filled a much-needed want; that we are not over-severe even this brief review of the book most amply shows; it shall have our welcome if the talented author will re-write it, setting before her objective history and banning altogether the unquiet spirit which she mistakes for psychology.

#### NOVELS.

"The Four Feathers." By A. E. W. Mason. London: Smith, Elder. 1902. 6s.

There is a story told of a V.C. who, on the eve of an engagement was found by a brother officer shivering in his tent. "Why, you are afraid", said his companion noticing his scared face. "Yes sir", replied he, "I am afraid, and if you were half so afraid as I you would run away". The moral of the story is the question raised in Mr. Mason's book. For what is courage? The wild animal spirit that might make a man rush heedlessly and recklessly to certain death is only a crude manifestation of the real thing. Every man who possesses imagination must know fear. His capacity for acute feeling is in proportion to the nervous perfection he has attained. Harold Feversham—highly strung, romantic, imaginative—has courage of a kind but not that splendid brute courage "of which women make a god". In the house of his father, an old Crimean warrior, while still a boy, he hears tales of war which make his blood run cold. His childish impressions are indelible. Later on, when his turn comes and his regiment is ordered to the front, panic seizes him and he resigns his commission. Three white feathers—three separate accusations of cowardice—are sent to him by three separate men. A fourth is added by the woman he loves. These symbols of disgrace prove Feversham's salvation. He looks his enemy in the face and learns that to die decently is worth a good many years of life. How he redeems his honour and compels the three men to take back, each in turn, the feathers sent and how in the end he regains his lost love is told in pleasant if somewhat diffusive style. Mr. Mason's readable but "machine-made" story lacks inspiration. It is constructed with a painstaking ability quite devoid of subtlety.

"The Maid at Arms." By R. W. Chambers. London: Constable. 1902. 6s.

"Romance alone can justify a theme inspired by truth; for Romance is more vital than history, which, after all is but the fleshless skeleton of Romance": thus the author in a quite unnecessary "Preface" to his story of the American war. History, at any rate, has some advantages over the romance in question since it leaves something to the imagination which Mr. Chambers fails to do. The reader is irritated

at the outset by ridiculous tricks of diction and unnatural terms of expression. With a heroine who curses and swears in a manner that puts Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's famous character completely in the shade, and a hero—whom the author intends to be a gallant gentleman—who asks in the language of the kitchen "Do the quality not visit you here?" the reader's irritation turns to exasperation. No, Mr. Chambers, "the quality" do not visit you here.

"Olivia's Summer." By Mary E. Mann. London: Methuen. 1902. 6s.

We have known a schoolmaster's daughter promise to marry a schoolboy in the very room in which her father had just birched him—and keep her word. But Mrs. Mann invites us to believe a much more improbable thing; that a vicar's daughter should marry, when he grew up, a grubby little village choir-boy whom she had consistently sat upon for years, and who had no attraction except his faithfulness. Given the possibility of such a situation, her setting forth of its development is clever. The somewhat proud woman of good birth settled in her own neighbourhood as a miller's wife, a village shopkeeper's daughter-in-law (which was more serious), provides fair *tragi-comedy*. But we feel that Olivia was not one of the ladies who marry grooms. Mrs. Mann seems to us to misunderstand radically the type of woman that she tries to describe. For them—it may be from conventionality or for better reasons—any male is not a possible husband. There is some delicate work in "Olivia's Summer", but it is one of those books which stand or fall by the soundness of their plot.

"Midsummer Madness." By Mrs. Lovett Cameron. London: John Long. 1902. 6s.

There is something extremely distasteful in the novel the interest of which centres in a compromising situation between a man and woman and when one week's reading gives us two or three such we feel that we have reason to lament over the taste of the reading public or a lack of invention on the part of our story-writers. Mrs. Lovett Cameron is an experienced novelist and presumably knows what her "public" like and provides for it in accordance with that knowledge; certainly that public cannot be very critical if it likes this sort of thing:—"There arose, however, a small crumpled rose-leaf in Lady Wishaw's lot, a cloud the size of a penny roll on her horizon." Or this, of the hero:—"The personal aspect of his grief during those long dark hours awoke anew and gripped like a hand of iron at his heart, till the pain of the passion that lay ruined and blasted within him seemed to gnaw at his vitals like a dying animal in its agony." Or this, of the villain:—"Which does not in the least prevent his being, at the same time, unprincipled, untruthful and immoral; and all that with the manners of a Prince of the Blood, the voice of an Archangel, and the sweet persuasiveness of the Devil arrayed in the garments of the Lamb!" If this be "midsummer madness" we prefer that of March.

"Letters of an Actress." London: Edward Arnold. 1902. 6s.

In this sky-blue volume, we have more imaginary letters, with the accustomed prefatory assurance of genuineness and the inevitable ribbon book-mark, the latter being, it may be confessed, serviceable in the extreme, should any reader rashly attempt to read the book consecutively and remember where he left off. The actress in question achieves early success, has a love affair with a popular actor, is disillusioned, marries an "Honourable" and ends as the mother of an earl to be. The story, if story it may be called, is told in a medley of letters to entirely unconvincing puppets, while the heroine and writer jerks herself with surprising rapidity from the character of a grammarless little piece of flippant vulgarity into that of a cultured and allusive young person, prodigal of French tags. There is abundance of "shop" talk in the book, intended, we suppose, to compensate for the entire absence of the dramatic temperament.

"The Manor Farm." By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). London: Longmans. 1902. 6s.

Between agricultural depression, the rural exodus, and Mr. Hardy's novels, a good many of us were beginning to believe that rustic England is a vale of tears. We are proportionately grateful to Mrs. Blundell for her delightful comedy of Dorset. She writes (like Émile Zola) of the career of a single family—substantial farmers in this case—and proves what can be done with such a theme if one prefers truth to naturalism and happens to possess humour. As she has nothing to do with vice or crime, has no fads to air, and merely writes in good English a very charming and amusing little story, we cannot predict that "The Manor Farm" will go into twenty-five editions on the day of publication. But it will delight many who love, or are capable of loving, country life. The central situation is a little like that in M. Rostand's "Les Romanesques"—a boy and girl whose fathers insist on matrimony, but the two old Dorset farmers are anything but subtle schemers. There is an agreeable picture of an old farm inside the book, and a nightmare of an impossible almshouse on the cover.

"The Strange Adventure of James Shervington, and Other Stories." By Louis Becke. London: Unwin. 1902. 6s.

Within his limitations, Mr. Becke can tell a fair story. His style is illiterate, but his characters live and his incidents bear the stamp of truth. Inveterate novel-readers may grumble that he is now attempting to flood them with local colour and even anthropology at the expense of sensation, but that is a fault on the right side and we certainly learn more of South Sea life from the present volume than from any of his previous works. As a mere story, "James Shervington" promises well, but the author seems to have grown tired of it half through and wound it up abruptly with an unnecessary earthquake, filling up the volume with heterogeneous sketches. Of these "The Flemmings" has merits, though the relations of traders and natives seem improbably affectionate, while "Flash Harry of Savaii" reads like a reminiscence and depends on this for its merit. "Concerning Bully Hayes" is a dull, pointless tale. The many crude illustrations to the book illustrate nothing.

ERRATUM.—The price of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' "The Lady of the Barge" (London: Harpers) is 3s. 6d. and not 6s. as we stated in our notice of that book in last week's issue.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Some Feudal Coats of Arms." By Joseph Foster. London and Oxford: James-Parker. 1902. 12s. 6d.

Page xxvi. of this smaller edition of "Some Feudal Coats of Arms" is made up of press notices of the quarto published in 1901, to which are added a few select appreciative comments made by subscribers. The SATURDAY REVIEW is quoted to the following effect:—"We welcome 'Some Feudal Coats of Arms' as a work of art." This Review gave two columns to criticism of the original edition, so there is the less excuse for taking only the latter half of a not very long sentence which ran thus:—"Though we cannot approve either the tone or the matter of the Introduction we can welcome &c." From the eighteen "appreciative comments" we take the following written over the signature S. Stakes:—"A most charming book, and we are all (even Dorothy aged seven) in love with it already." In the SATURDAY REVIEW dated 1 March, 1902, a criticism of the original work may be found, and what was there written can be repeated. It is only necessary to add that those who take an interest in heraldry and genealogy, but who cannot claim to be well versed in such lore, would do well to read Mr. Barron's article in the April number of the "Ancestor", in which he deals at length with "Some Feudal Coats of Arms". Mr. Foster cannot be congratulated on the Introduction to his present volume, and he only makes the matter worse by adding to it a rhyme of questionable taste signed "Oxonian".

"Aylwin." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. Illustrated Edition. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1902. 6s.

Were "Aylwin" in any sense an ordinary book, we should grow tired of constantly seeing new editions and new announcements. But as "Aylwin" is on the contrary in every sense an extraordinary book, its annual re-embodiment does not weary but rejoices us. It is a very strange thing that so good a book should be a publisher's success: it is quite inexplicable

that a story, which is a study in emotion of a kind wholly alien from, wholly unintelligible to, the average man, should have become extremely popular. It is very evident that "Aylwin" did not need the help of illustration to make it "go", and we must say frankly that in our view the illustrations are entirely superfluous. Some of them are pretty, but in every instance they fall short of Mr. Watts-Dunton's description of the same in words, which is far better.

"Bird-Hunting on the White Nile." By H. F. Witherby. London: at the Office of "Knowledge". 1902. 2s. 6d.

This little book reminds us of the late Mr. Dan Meinertzhagen's work on a bird expedition in Northern Scandinavia. The author is an enthusiastic member of that class, which includes men like Seebohm, Wollaston and Tristram, who are content to travel thousands of miles, endure hardships, and spend money without any hope of a monetary return, on long bird searches. Mr. Witherby gives us the result of some observations of the habits of the birds of the White Nile, but we could wish that there was less record of birds "secured". We find ourselves wishing that his sandy coloured babblers (*Argya acaciae*) had escaped the gun. They tried so hard to elude their chaser in their isolated bush. We have more than once chased grasshopper warblers in similar places, but not with the idea of securing them, and their conduct has been very similar to that of the babblers Mr. Witherby tells us of. The glorious golden night-jar was Mr. Witherby's greatest find. It appears that the Hon. Charles Rothschild found this bird fairly common near Shendy and with his companion "brought home fifteen specimens". We hope that the Hon. Charles Rothschild will not go out to Shendy again.

"The Life of Raleigh." By J. A. Taylor. London: Methuen. 1902. 3s. 6d.

No Life of Raleigh, as the name is now spelt and as Raleigh himself spelt it, could be devoid of interest, and this particular presentment of it will be acceptable in precise proportion as its subject's adventures are little known, if that is there is anyone to whom they are little known. The writer follows authorities like Stebbing and Martin Hume, and tells the story effectively if a little verbosely. Miss Taylor finds many contradictions in Raleigh's character and has some difficulty in bringing him "into harmony with himself". This is inevitable in a personality with ambitions and ideas so diversified as Raleigh's were. As she says the history of Walter Raleigh, during the reign of Elizabeth, was the history of England in brief.

"Select Orations and Letters of Cicero." Edited by J. B. Greenough and G. L. Kittredge. London: Ginn and Company. 1902. 6s.

These selections provide an excellent introduction to the study of Cicero and his times. The book is full without being diffuse and exact without over-elaboration of detail. The notes appear to hit the same happy mean. Emphasis is laid on the argument of each speech as a whole and on the steps by which the orator establishes his conclusions. Allusions are briefly but adequately explained and grammatical points are duly noticed while the fault of giving too much translation is avoided. The plans and illustrations are all one could desire. Exception may be taken to the marking of the quantities in the text. A boy capable of reading Cicero ought to have mastered the A B C of Latin prosody. In the introduction to Cicero's life and speeches it should be mentioned that the speeches, as we have them, are not verbatim reports. A graver omission in the "Life" is that nothing at all is said of Cicero's behaviour before and after the Triumvirs' conference at Lucca; we refer to his attack in the Senate on Caesar's agrarian law and his subsequent collapse. The authors term Caesar's agrarian law iniquitous. It is described in Mommsen as a measure that "bore the stamp of moderation, honesty and solidity".

"Virgil's Aeneid." Book III. Edited by M. L. Tatham. London: Edward Arnold. 1902. 1s. 6d. "Caesar." B. G. I. Edited by A. S. Wilkins. London: Dent. 1902. 1s. net.

For his text Mr. Tatham has gone to the New Oxford Text. As a life of Vergil he gives a translation of the account attributed to Suetonius, but curiously enough he does not state how far it may be regarded as a trustworthy biography. His paragraphs on the grammar and style are on the whole sound and clear. In the note on carinis (line 465) the word is somewhat arbitrarily assigned to the dative, though it certainly might equally well be classed as ablative, like "cadis" in the similarly inverted expression in Aen. I. 125. In regard to Hendiadys some expressions are given that are more usually referred to Pleonasm. Dr. Wilkins' illustrated "Caesar" is naturally a scholarly production. But surely we have had enough penny plain and two pence coloured "Caesars" for the present.

"Readings on the Evolution of Religion." By Mrs. F. Hay-Newton. London: Blackwood. 1902. 5s.

We are generally suspicious of the kind friends whose importunity induces an author to give his stuff to the world, but Mrs. Hay-Newton's friends were right. Her readings on the Evolution of Religion form an interesting and



attractive introduction for any thoughtful person who wishes to get an insight into some of the cardinal positions in philosophy and the light they throw on religion, as well as the help they give to the individual to explain himself to himself. Mrs. Hay-Newton has a simple, sympathetic and sincere way of putting her points together with a pleasing vein of apt quotation from the poets which must have won for her the ear of her audience, and should secure her through her book a still wider public. Though not in itself a school book, the work may be cordially recommended as a religious reading-book for the top class in a girls' high school. It might also with advantage be added to the Sunday section of a sixth-form library at a big public school.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*La Maison du Pêche.* Par Marcelle Tinayre. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1902. 3f. 50c.

This is a book which should at once place Madame Marcelle Tinayre in the first rank of French authors. Indeed, we can name no other writer who could have produced it; and after the recent appearance of that illogical, that irritating novel "L'Étape", we would recommend it to M. Paul Bourget, who,

(Continued on page 682.)

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fervent Catholic though he be, will not fail as an artist to appreciate its amazing strength. Madame Marcelle Tinayre has a tragedy to relate; and she relates it in the quietest and simplest fashion, and in its simplicity lies the strength of her dramatic book. Madame de Chanteprie is stern, austere, a veritable bigot. Living in seclusion in the country her one interest is reflection and prayer, and her one aim is to make her son, Augustin, as austere as herself. He, a boy, has neither playmates nor distractions. He reads all day; has a fine sense of duty, reveres his mother, accepts and reveres her views. He has no doubts; his tutor, a stern but sympathetic priest, is there to dissipate doubts. But Elie Forgerons finds Augustin an obedient, a docile pupil; together, in a pavilion at the end of the garden, they read and study harmoniously and deeply, and they admire one another, and Augustin becomes more and more like his mother. At last Elie Forgerons sees that his task is accomplished, and departs: and Augustin inhabits the pavilion at the end of the garden, which was once inhabited by a dissipated ancestor and thus became known as the "Maison du Pêché". Augustin leads the life of a recluse until Fanny de Manolé, a sensitive and a highly artistic woman, hires one of the Chanteprie cottages, and settles down in the country. Augustin's romance now begins: after a series of painful and powerful scenes in which Augustin knows doubts and agony and remorse, Fanny and Augustin realise that they love one another, and meet constantly in the "Maison du Pêché" while the austere Madame de Chanteprie is engaged in reflection and prayer. Fanny de Manolé is a fine creation. She is a good woman and a pure woman, and she worships Augustin. With masterly skill Madame Marcelle de Tinayre describes her emotions, her fears that she will lose Augustin, and her efforts to believe blindly in the Faith. She seeks the aid of the village priest—but the feeling is not there. She is obliged to confess that she can never become a firm believer like her lover. As for Augustin, he suffers and suffers—but cannot part with Fanny, cannot refuse to receive her in the "Maison du Pêché" and visit her in the cottage. Masterly, also, is the scene in which Madame de Chanteprie discovers her son's secret, coldly and mercilessly condemns him as a hypocrite, bids him never come near her since he has chosen to become sensuous and coarse and unclean. In her austere room Madame de Chanteprie prays; in the pavilion Augustin suffers, in the cottage Fanny suffers, in the village the pious are disgusted and the girls garrulous. Impossible is it to relate here how the separation between Fanny and Augustin is brought about; that must be read to be appreciated, for Madame Marcelle de Tinayre at this moment shows veritable genius. Elie Forgerons returns; his words and his stratagem and his prayers work the separation; and yet while sympathising with Fanny and Augustin, we sympathise with the tutor. An inferior writer would have made us abhor Forgerons; this writer makes us respect him for his profound sincerity and his deep conviction that he is doing what is right. The interview between Forgerons and Fanny haunts us still, so vivid and so powerful is it. But Fanny cannot accept the inevitable. Alone in the "Maison du Pêché" Augustin receives her letters, but burns them. In despair she addresses the letters to old Jacqueline, Augustin's nurse, a good Catholic, who, however, cannot bring herself to regard the liaison as a sin. She pities Fanny, and she pities Augustin; but she is almost angry with Augustin when he refuses to read his late mistress's letters. The young man returns to his books and to his prayers, and tries to forget Fanny; but suffers, breaks down, gets weaker and weaker, at last dies. Tremendous in its solemnity and tragedy is the death-scene. Madame de Chanteprie is calm, convinced that her son has repented, and satisfied that she has done her duty and will be rewarded. Jacqueline sobs and sobs, but all the time Madame de Chanteprie prays. But Jacqueline's sobs grow louder and louder. "Silence," dit Madame de Chanteprie. "Son âme entre dans la gloire. . . . Que les morts pleurent leurs morts. Nous, Chrétiens, prions." And "elle se tourna vers le Christ cloué au-dessus du lit, et tenant dans ses mains la main de son fils, debout, comme une prophétesse inspirée, elle récita les Prières des Agonisants. Sa voix haute, claire, distincte, dominait les sanglots de Jacqueline et le râle du moribond." Augustin starts up, sinks back, his eyes close and he lies still. Jacqueline, agonised, half mad, cries: "Il meurt, il meurt, et il y a des gens qui disent qu'il y a un bon Dieu dans le ciel. . . . Un Dieu! . . . Un Dieu qui tue nos enfants! . . . Non, non, ce n'est pas vrai. Il n'y en a point. Il n'y a pas de justice. On a tué notre Augustin avec des mensonges. . . . Il meurt pour rien, pour rien." But—"immobile, droite, devant le Christ sombre, Madame de Chanteprie achevait les Prières des Agonisants. . . ." And Fanny? Her last unread letter bore a distant postmark. A cynic, a would-be lover, assured her that her romance had to end, that his romance then would begin. Fanny—broken, wretched, alone, finding her solitude unbearable—wrote that last letter on the eve of joining the would-be lover. If we have noticed Madame Marcelle Tinayre's book at unusual length it is because her book calls for praise and admiration. It is a sincere, a thorough piece of work. It took (so we gather from a footnote) three years to write; those were three years of splendid, of consummate labour.

*L'Associé.* Par Lucien Muhlfeld. Paris: Ollendorff. 1902. 3f. 50c.

This novel scarcely "hangs together"—but is composed of a number of disjointed incidents and studies of men and women who are hardly worth studying. And this is strange; for M. Lucien Muhlfeld, whose knowledge of Paris and the Parisians made "La Carrière d'André Tourette" a remarkable and a successful book, is a clever satirical writer and wholly out of sympathy—so, at least, one would have imagined—with mediocre people. He understands actors, journalists, bourgeois, the ambiguous homme d'affaires, and their vanities and shallow philosophy; but he is not so happy when studying a doctor who presides over a sanatorium in which consumption is treated in a new fashion. He has evidently studied the symptoms and course of this disease, but his reflections thereon smack of the medicine book. In fact, we have too much sanatorium and too much consumption; and too many doctors, and too many wives who act as patrons and nurses; and we feel that if ever we became consumptive the last place in the world we should care to be treated in is Dr. Tellier's Sanatorium. There is no story to speak of, and no acknowledgment to make of either construction or style. The director of a newspaper is well drawn: here, as we have already said, our author is at home. His instructions to one of his reporters are amusing: "J'ai promis d'envoyer quelqu'un voir les tuberculeux du docteur Tellier. Allez-y, Monsieur Piot. Pour vous qui avez de la couleur, il y a un joli reportage à faire: la maladie et la misère pittoresque. . . . Surtout, pas de crachats. . . . Pas non plus de revendications sociales. La misère pittoresque, mais résignée et souriante, dans la note du Journal." "Résignée" and "souriante" are capital, and "la misère pittoresque" might become a phrase. It is a pity that M. Lucien Muhlfeld does not give us more of the newspaper editor, and of M. Piot—who excels at "le reportage pittoresque"—an admirable type of the Paris reporter.

*Ames Féminines.* Par Guy de Chantepleure. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1902. 3f. 50c.

M. Guy de Chantepleure's last book is very disappointing. We have before expressed admiration for "Fiancée d'Avril", "Ma Conscience en Robe Rose", and "Les Ruines en Fleurs"; and so it is unpleasant to charge him with negligence and indifference, and affirm that there is no earthly reason why "Ames Féminines" should ever have been written. We have described M. de Chantepleure as one of the most polished stylists—yet there is no style here. We have applauded his refinement and delicacy—yet neither refinement nor delicacy is here. Not that the book is coarse—far from it; it is merely mediocre. M. de Chantepleure has never before been dull. We can only conclude that he wrote "Ames Féminines" under engagement; and we have no doubt that he, as an artist, will be the first to admit that he has produced this time a disappointing book. The only interesting character is Rosemonde's father, a brilliant lawyer, and also a deputy. He is too worldly to care for Rosemonde, and there he shows his bad taste. But he is gay and he is a little wicked, and so he is something of an acquisition.

*Les Ecrivains et les Mœurs: Notes, Essais et Figurines, 1900-1902.* Par Henry Bordeaux. Paris: Plon. 1902. 3f. 50c.

A series of critical essays on such favourite and distinguished writers as MM. Bourget, Paul and Victor Margueritte, Maurice Barrès, Edouard Rod, Emile Faguet, Jules Lemaitre, and also Rudyard Kipling, Tolstoy and Ruskin. M. Henry Bordeaux, if he does not write eloquently, at least writes clearly and intelligently; and his criticism in each instance is dignified. We may be allowed to take exception to his appreciation of the patriotic work of MM. Maurice Barrès and Jules Lemaitre, which we believe to be far from disinterested and most mischievous. But M. Henry Bordeaux does not stand alone in his admiration of these "patriotic" gentlemen: indeed, that admiration is shared by most Parisians. The author has read novels and novels and novels, and appears to remember them all. But as most of these essays were written some months ago, they do not mention many recent noticeable books. This is so in the case of M. Edouard Rod. Boundless is M. Bordeaux's admiration for Rudyard Kipling, and he has much to say of the influence of Ruskin on French painters and critics. In fact, he is unusually well-informed; and may, in almost every case, be depended upon. The first chapter deals with "La Crise du Roman", in which he quotes the booksellers' opinions on current books and conveys their affirmation that "only offensive books sell". These are safest, from a profitable point of view, to publish; and the booksellers' confession is amply corroborated by the fact that most offensive books go into the greatest number of editions. This chapter, for many reasons, is worth reading, and so, also, is the whole of the book.

For This Week's Books see page 686.



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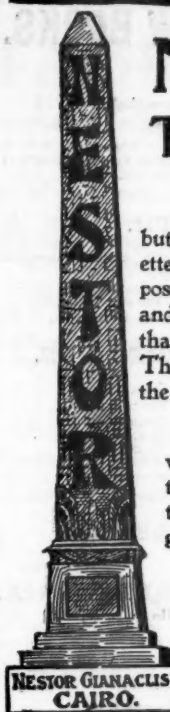
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MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE  
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street,  
Strand, W.C., on MONDAY, December 1, and Two Following Days, at 1  
o'clock precisely, valuable BOOKS and MANUSCRIPTS, comprising the LIBRARY of  
the late H. G. HUSSEY, Esq., including Angling and other Sporting Literature—  
Books illustrated by John Leech—Caricatures—Portraits—Books of Prints—His-  
torical Literature—Natural History, &c.; the Property of a Lady, comprising  
Bewick's Birds, Quadrupeds, Fables of Esop, and Select Fables, Largest Paper—  
Pickering's Walton—Ritson's Works—Lavater's Physiognomy—Taylor, a Reply  
as True as Steele, 1641—Philpot, a Prospective Glasse for Gamesters, 1646, &c.,  
chiefly in morocco and calf bindings, by the late Francis Bedford; other Properties,  
including a Collection of Books on Freemasonry—Early French Books—Illuminated  
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Works on Art and Archaeology—Illuminated Books—Early Woodcuts—Voyages and  
Travels—Spanish Manuscripts—the Writings of Dickens, Thackeray, and other  
Contemporary Authors—Serial Publications—Ruskin's Modern Painters, Stones of  
Venice, &c.—Viollet-le-Duc, Dictionnaires du Mobilier et de l'Architecture  
Francaise—the Publications of the South Kensington Museum and of the Burlington  
Fine Arts Club—Specimens of Bookbinding—Works on Costume, Architecture, and  
the Fine Arts—Books with Coloured Plates, &c.  
May be viewed.

VALUABLE BOOKS AND ILLUMINATED AND OTHER  
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MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE  
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13 Wellington Street,  
Strand, W.C., on THURSDAY, December 4, and Five Following Days, at 1  
o'clock precisely, valuable BOOKS and MANUSCRIPTS, including a small  
SELECTION from the LIBRARY of the Right Hon. the EARL OF ORFORD; a  
COLLECTION of rare OLD PLAYS, the Property of Dr. H. T. GRIFFITHS; a  
COLLECTION of TREATISES on MUSIC, formed by GEORGE, EARL of  
GIFFORD; important Literary Autographs of Byron, Browning, Scott, Shelley,  
Thackeray, Wordsworth, &c.; BOOKS from the LIBRARY of "LEWIS CAR-  
ROLL"—rare Shakespearian—American Books and Manuscripts—Illuminated  
Books of Hours—Interesting Historical and other Manuscripts—Valuable and rare  
Books returned imperfect from a large and very interesting Collection of Books and  
Pamphlets by and relating to J. P. Marat, Charlotte Corday, Anacharsis, Cloots,  
and Gracchus Babeuf, formed by M. Chas. Pilotelle—Old and rare Books with  
Woodcuts, &c., many in fine Bindings by the best Artists.  
May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had.



## BRITISH EMPIRE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

### AMALGAMATION SCHEME APPROVED.

**A**N extraordinary general meeting of the British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Company was held on November 27, at the Cannon Street Hotel, the Right Hon. Sir John Gorst, M.P., presiding.

The Chairman said: Since I last had the pleasure of meeting the policy-holders of this Company I regret to say that we have lost by death the services of one of our oldest directors, Dr. Campbell, who had been a director of the Company since 1879, and from whose diligent and assiduous attention to the affairs of the Company, carried on almost to the very last days of his life, the Company has derived the greatest possible advantage and security. I think we shall agree in regretting the loss of so old and valued a colleague. The business on which we have met to-day is to consider a scheme which has been long and anxiously considered by the directors, and which they now unanimously recommend to your acceptance. It is a scheme for the combination of our business with the business of the Pelican Life Office. This proposal was first made to us by the Pelican in the summer of the present year, and before the directors entered into any serious consideration of the matter they not only took the advice of their own manager and actuary, Mr. Ryan, in whom the directors and I think, the policy-holders of this Company have the most profound and complete confidence, but they also thought it right to take counsel with an independent expert, whose certificate since given has been communicated to you in the circular with which this meeting was convened. Having thus very strong experience in favour of the proposal, they proceeded to give it their most anxious and most serious consideration. Of course, it is not particularly our business to inquire into the motives of the bargain or into the particular advantages they gain by the combination, but it is quite obvious that the result is that they will share the advantage of that vigorous and effective organisation which is very largely the creation of our manager, Mr. Ryan, which has raised our Company into a most satisfactory position, as I have repeatedly told the policy-holders at our annual meetings, and which they desire should now be carried on for the benefit of a combined company, which will be larger and have a greater field of operation. But what your directors were, of course, specially bound to consider was how such a combination, if carried out, would affect the interests of the policy-holders for which they were trustees. The two things which you desire in a company in which you are policy-holders is first, and most paramount, security; and secondly, as far as is consistent with security, profits and bonuses divided amongst the policy-holders. Now, with regard to security, the proposal is that all the existing security, which I may say is ample, and which has been by reports and testimonies of actuaries and auditors annually laid before you as perfectly ample security for the ultimate payment of your policies—all that security is reserved by the agreement for the sole and exclusive benefit of the policy-holders of the British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Company. That security will be slightly improved by the fact that your buildings, which at present are used for the carrying-on of the business, will now become profit-earning; they will pay a rent, and will increase the profits of your Company; and, also, your reserve fund need no longer be maintained for the benefit of future policy-holders, but may be treated as part of the assets upon which the existing policy-holders have a sole and exclusive claim. But, besides this quite sufficient security which is reserved to you, you will have at the back of it the capital of the new Company, the capital unpaid and the capital uncalled, which amounts to the sum of £1,100,000. I have said frequently that that is not necessary to bolster up any insufficient security of our own, but it is satisfactory to have another £1,100,000 at the back of the already sufficient security which you hold. Your security being thus maintained quite intact, and, in fact, slightly improved, what will be the effect of the agreement which has been entered into upon your profits and your bonuses? The advantage which you gain by the new agreement is that your business, instead of being carried on, as it is now, at a cost of 16½ per cent. upon the premium income, is in future to be carried on at the rate of only 10 per cent., which will give an increased sum for the benefit of the policy-holders, and will lead to increased bonuses. The particular amount fixed has been fixed in accordance with precedents, recent precedents in the union of Insurance Companies—the union of Insurance Companies which have a lower rate of expenditure than yours—so that you have got the best bargain in reference to the rate at which your business is to be carried on—the best bargain that has been made in modern times. The directors are advised, and it seems almost obvious, that such an agreement is highly to the advantage of the policy-holders of the British Empire Company. Indeed, so convinced were the directors of the advantage you would thereby gain, that they felt it their duty to enter into this agreement seriously, and to recommend it strongly for your confirmation and adoption. I do not know that I need enter into the details of the arrangement which will be made. The remaining directors of your Company will become members of the Board of the new company, the manager will become the manager of the new company, and it is largely to his vigour and ability that we look for the future of this new combination. All the officers, agents and servants of the British Empire will be taken over by the new Company, so that their interests will not suffer. We think that the scheme which we put before you in the circular which you have all received, and which you have had the opportunity of considering, with the Bill in Parliament by which it is to be carried out, is one that the policy-holders of our British Empire Company may confidently accept. It is, we believe, greatly to their advantage, and that in the new Company which will be formed by the combined businesses they will become policy-holders in a Company which has a great future before it, and which will be one of the strongest and soundest companies in the British Empire. I beg to propose:—"That this meeting approves of the scheme submitted to it for a combination of the Company's undertaking with that of the Pelican Life Insurance Company, and of the proposal to apply to Parliament, and requests the directors to proceed therewith."

Mr. George Phillips, in seconding the resolution, said he did so with mingled feelings—feelings of gratification, thinking that the directors had done what was really the best for the policy-holders of the British Empire Company, and a slight feeling of regret that the British Empire Company, with which he had worked for considerably over thirty years, and which he had seen through many difficulties and many troubles, until it had reached the proud position which it possessed at the present time—there was some little regret like parting with an old friend.

Mr. J. J. Runtz said he was not surprised that the directors should have thought it desirable to accept the suggestion of the Pelican for this amalgamation, because the amalgamation question with Insurance Companies is very much to the fore at the present time, and there were many advantages in it.

After some further discussion the resolution was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

## SWEETMEAT AUTOMATIC DELIVERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

**T**HE annual general meeting was held yesterday at the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. E. Hore (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: I sometimes wonder if any managing director of an industrial company like this has had the good fortune, as I have, of meeting you in general meeting for 15 years without ever once feeling a doubt about how the accounts for the year will be received. You will see that the net profits amount to no less a sum than £73,456 3s. 5d., as against the £54,628 11s. 11d. of the previous year. Now, if my object in these remarks was only to create a feeling of satisfaction with our position, I should say no more upon the figures. That, however, is not my view of what general meetings are for. It is, I think, on these occasions that the directors should, as far as possible, give all such details of the business as can be given without prejudicing the interests of the Company, so that the shareholders may understand a number of things that do not appear on the face of the accounts. I am quite sure you will all be gratified to hear that the new stamping machines have proved quite as great a success as I ventured to anticipate when we ordered them, although, owing to a strike at the works in America and other causes, we did not receive them as soon as we anticipated. It is simply astonishing how popular these machines are, but then we knew they would be; in fact, if we had only had them at work all the year we should have had a very notable year indeed. As it has happened, they were only begun to be placed in April, and most of those now in use have missed the greater part of the summer. Next year we shall not only have the present machines at work, but we shall also have a number of new ones more especially adapted for outdoor use; indeed, we have another 1,000 on order, some of which have already arrived, and in regard to this portion of our business I hope—indeed, I will go so far as to say, I feel certain—we shall do very well indeed. Of course, the increased capital due to the issue of new Shares has had something to do with the increase of £18,834 11s. 6d. we have made in our net profits, but pray mark the proportion the increase of capital bears to the increase of net profit. The increase of capital has been the issue of 23,606 Shares, being an increase of about 7 per cent. on the Shares issued down to that time, whereas the increase of net profits has been over 34 per cent. upon the net profits of the previous year. This, I think you will agree, is an exceedingly encouraging feature in our accounts. Further, we have had some difficulties to contend with this year. First of all, there is a subject which, in old days, I used to often refer to, but which of late years I have dropped, I mean the effect of the weather on the takings of our machines. You know I used to point out that fine weather was everything. That certainly is the case. Now last year was much against us in this respect. A chief passenger superintendent on one of our great lines remarked to me the other day that the weather during the tourist season had been the worst he had known for twenty-five years, and since it is during what he called the tourist season—that is, the months of July, August, and September—that our machines do their principal business, we must take it that the weather has certainly been against us. Then there is another somewhat similar consideration. I mean depression of trade. We all thought that when the war was over there would be a wonderful spurt in everything, but we know better now. Anyone engaged in trade will tell you that things are as bad as ever. The fact is the end of the war, coming gradually as it did, was so much discounted that instead of a reaction taking place there was the reverse. The effect of these last two considerations has been that the takings of machines on Railways has somewhat fallen off, but this has not been to any extent, and certainly not enough to cause the least anxiety, especially when the causes can be so clearly traced. You will have seen by the Report that there has been an increase of 33 per cent. in the turnover of the wholesale business, and I am satisfied that this rate of increase will be repeated this year on last year's figures. The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

## ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

**From the DIRECTORS' REPORT for the Three Months ending 30th September, 1902.**

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources .. .. . 13,574'550 ozs.  
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis .. .. . 7'915 dwts.

### WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per Ton Milled.
To Mining Expenses .. .. .	£18,320 8 7	£0 10 8'183
" Milling Expenses .. .. .	6,536 13 7	0 3 9'877
" Cyaniding Expenses .. .. .	6,676 10 1	0 3 10'716
" General Expenses .. .. .	3,395 15 11	0 1 11'761
" Head Office Expenses .. .. .	1,106 6'10	0 0 7'739
	36,055 10 0	1 1 0'283
" Working Profit .. .. .	23,504 4 6	0 11 11'469
	£59,559 14 6	£1 12 11'753
Cr.	Value.	Value per Ton Milled.
By Gold Account .. .. .	£59,559 14 6	£1 12 11'753
To Interest .. .. .		£1 6 1
Net Profit .. .. .		20,502 18 5
		£80,504 4 6
By Balance—Working Profit, brought down .. .. .		£80,504 4 6

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.—The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £5,576 4s. 10d.

# THE OCEANA CONSOLIDATED CO. LIMITED.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

To be presented at the Annual General Meeting of Shareholders, to be held  
on December 5, 1902.

The Directors have the pleasure of submitting to the Shareholders the Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account for the year ending June 30, 1902.

The result of the year's working shows a credit balance of £107,677, to which must be added £33,775, the balance brought forward from the previous year, making a total of £141,452 available for distribution. Out of this sum the Directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 5 per cent., free of income-tax, for the year ending June 30, 1902. This will absorb £79,687, leaving a balance of £61,765 to be carried forward to the current year.

The war, which continued during nearly the whole of the twelve months under review, prevented the possibility of any development of the Company's Transvaal properties; but since the re-establishment of peace, numerous inquiries are being made, and negotiations entered into with intending settlers for agricultural land in various parts of the country, as well as for business sites. In several instances farms have been purchased in districts within easy reach of the chief towns and of railway communication, at prices which show a material advance in the value of land. The Company's agents and engineer are actively occupied in negotiations for the sale or letting of farms, and in carrying out boring operations to procure water for irrigation purposes, on some of the blocks of land situated within reasonable distance of the lines of railway, and there is every reason to hope that the current year will see substantial progress in this branch of the Company's affairs.

**VAN RYN.**—The difficulties of obtaining sufficient Kaffir labour, as well as of transporting from the coast the new machinery ordered to replace the portion destroyed by the Boers, are responsible for the delay in restarting crushing operations at the Van Ryn mines. One hundred thousand new Shares were issued early in 1902, and it is hoped that the additional Capital thus provided will be sufficient to pay for the numerous alterations being carried out at the works on the advice of the Managing Director. When crushing is started again, the mine should be one of the best equipped on the Rand.

**WELGEDACHT EXPLORATION COMPANY.**—Boring on the Welgedacht Company's Farm, which had to be suspended during the war, has been restarted on No. 2 borehole, and a drill is also being re-erected to continue No. 1 borehole. The interest secured in the New Rand Exploration Company has been increased to three-fourths of the entire Capital. That Company controls an area of over 50,000 acres in 13 farms, situated to the east of the Welgedacht Farm. It is intended to commence boring operations at an early date. Great activity in prospecting continues to be shown in this part of the Transvaal, and the Chairman of the Welgedacht Company, at a recent meeting, held out encouraging hopes of the reef formation being found on some of these farms. The Capital of the Welgedacht Company has been increased to 125,000 Shares, of which 92,500 have been issued, and the Company has upwards of £212,000 cash in hand.

**DOUGLAS COLLIERY.**—The Douglas Colliery, which remained closed during the war, has resumed work lately, and contracts are now being made at remunerative prices, owing to the excellent quality of the coal.

**PRETORIA-PIETERSBURG RAILWAY.**—An intimation has been received from the Colonial Office that it was the intention of Government to expropriate the Pretoria-Pietersburg Railway, which has been worked for some time past by the military authorities. The British Government have recognised the concession, and paid the arrears of interest on the Debentures. The terms for the expropriation are being discussed, and it is hoped that an agreement will be come to and the sale completed in the course of the next few months.

**MOZAMBIQUE COMPANY.**—The Mozambique Company, like Rhodesian enterprises, suffered from the continuance of the war, owing to the curtailment of trading operations as well as of immigration. The sea-wall which is being built to protect the town of Beira against the encroachments from the sea is approaching completion, and the town is being rapidly improved by tramways, paving of streets, and other sanitary measures. Considerable activity prevails in the gold-bearing district of Manica, where several mines are being developed, whilst English companies and syndicates are preparing to carry out operations on the concessions which have been granted to them for alluvial gold dredging along the various rivers which intersect that part of the country.

The Customs receipts for the year (£57,799) show a falling off of £9,000, whilst the expenses of administration have exceeded the Budget estimate by £28,800. This excess is due chiefly to the large expenditure incurred for the reorganisation of the mining department, with a view to encourage the exploitation of the mineral wealth of Manica. The Marquis Fontes de Mello, who has filled formerly with

credit the post of Managing Director, has recently been re-elected to that office. Colonel Thys, a member of the London Committee, replaces Mr. E. Bartissol as President of the United Committees, and an English member has succeeded to a vacancy on the Paris Committee.

**KATANGA COMPANY.**—Active prospecting operations are being carried on in the southern portion of the Katanga Company's extensive territory by the Syndicate which obtained a concession from the Katanga Special Committee. Rich deposits of minerals, mostly copper, are reported to have been discovered. The Committee is also engaged with other Congo Companies in studying and preparing plans for the further development of the Upper Congo by means of railways or steam navigation on the upper reaches of the Congo.

**WEST AFRICA.**—The Taquah and Abosso Company, with its subsidiaries the Abosso Gold Mining Company, Limited, and the Ankobra (Taquah and Abosso) Development Syndicate, Limited, is able to report considerable progress in the prospecting, development, and equipment of the various properties. The Government Railway from Sekondi, which traverses the Taquah Concession, on which there is a station, and which is connected with the Abosso Mine by a branch line of 1½ mile, has greatly reduced the cost of transit and facilitated access. By agreement with the Government, a township for the white population has been established on the Taquah property, and sites apportioned for Government offices, &c. A permanent main shaft is being sunk to open up a portion of the property, and is now 47 ft. down.

On the Abosso Concession a main shaft has been sunk to a depth of 435 ft., and the Banket Reef is now being opened up from three levels. Permanent plant and machinery for the equipment of the mine is now in transit or on order, and the purchase of a crushing mill will soon engage the attention of the Directors. The Ankobra River property has been examined by a New Zealand expert, and on his recommendation a gold dredger, with a competent staff, has been sent out, and has now reached the Concession. It is expected that it will soon be at work, all necessary preparations having been made in anticipation of its arrival.

The other Concessions will also engage the attention of these Companies as soon as the formalities of the Concessions Court have been complied with and certificates of validity issued.

**ABYSSINIA.**—The Directors referred last year to the incorporation of the International Ethiopian Railway Trust and Construction Company, Limited, in which the interests of the Oceana Consolidated, New African, and New Egyptian Companies, and other members of the English and French groups are concentrated, for the purpose of protecting and furthering the interests of all concerned. As a final result of protracted negotiations which have been carried on during the year, the French Government has granted to the Ethiopian Railway Company, for certain specific purposes, a subvention of 500,000f. a year for fifty years. The proceeds of the capitalisation of this subvention, amounting to about 11,000,000f., have been employed in the repayment of the loans made by the Ethiopian Railway Trust Company and in completion of the Railway from Djibouti to Addis Harar, the line having now reached kilo. 285.

The Trust Company, whilst retaining with its group its large share interest, agreed to cede to the Railway Company, in return for adequate compensation, certain financial and construction rights which it had acquired; the ultimate outcome of this business, however, is to a large extent dependent upon the management of the Ethiopian Railway Company's business; and it is the duty, as well as the interest, of the Board to loyally support the French Government, so as to ensure the efficient and proper conduct of the business of the Railway Company, by the nomination of a strong Board of Directors representing all the interests.

In conclusion, the Board have to announce that they have decided, in view of the profitable opportunities which they anticipate will shortly present themselves for the employment of fresh Capital, to recommend to the Shareholders that they be authorised to increase the Capital of the Company to £2,000,000, by the creation of 500,000 additional Shares of £1 each, to be issued from time to time as the Board may determine. A resolution to this effect will be presented for your consideration.

In accordance with the Articles of Association, Sir Charles Euan-Smith, Mr. A. L. Ochs, and Mr. J. R. Murray retire, and offer themselves for re-election.

Messrs. Welton, Jones and Co. (Auditors of the Company) retire, and offer themselves for re-election.

H. PASTEUR, Chairman.

13 Austinfriars, London, E.C., November 27, 1902.



**The Oceana Consolidated Company, Limited.**

*Continued.*

**BALANCE SHEET at 30th JUNE, 1902.**

Dr.

To Capital—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Authorised and Issued—						
1,500,000 Shares of £1 each, fully paid up .. .. .				1,500,000	0	0
Shares Forfeited .. .. .				7	15	0
Premiums Account—						
Balance forward from 30th June, 1901 ..	45,853	12	5			
Add Premium on Forfeited Shares Re-allotted .. .. .		13	0			
				45,867	5	5
Unpaid Dividends (Oceana Company) .. .. .				2	6	0
Unpaid Dividends (December, 1900) .. .. .				482	14	0
Unpaid Dividends (December, 1901) .. .. .				757	12	10
Sundry Creditors in London and Africa .. .. .				10,573	17	0
Profit and Loss Account—						
Credit Balance, 30th June, 1901 .. .. .	108,775	18	2			
Less Dividend 1s. per Share declared payable 10th December, 1901, on 1,500,000 Shares .. .. .				75,000	0	0
				33,775	18	2
Profit for year to 30th June, 1902, as per Account herewith .. .. .	107,676	10	3			
				141,452	8	5
Contingent Liabilities—						
Uncalled Capital on Investments .. .. .	£109,774	14	5			
Liabilities under Agreements .. .. .						
Liability under Contract .. .. .	7,000	0	0			

Cr.

					£	s.	d.
By Cash in London and Africa	..	..	..	..	30,152	0	7
British and Foreign Government Securities, &c. (at cost)	..	..	..	..	91,611	9	0
Loans on Stock Exchange..	..	..	..	..	87,119	3	9
Loans to various Companies against Securities	..	..	..	..	208,882	13	4
Sundry Debtors in London and Africa	..	..	..	..	51,837	4	9
Investments (at cost)					33,098	9	2
Railway Shares and Debentures	..	£	347,855	5	9		
Mining Interests in Transvaal..	..	..	588,210	19	0		
Land Interests in Transvaal, &c.	..	..	13,559	19	10		
Territorial and Development Interests in Portuguese East Africa and Congo							
Free State	..	..	..	..	157,166	11	8
Sundries	..	..	..	..	172,663	15	8
Land in Transvaal (1,038,000 acres) at cost	..	..	..	..	1,279,456	4	5
Town Sites, Buildings, and Sundry Assets in and around Beira (cost less depreciation)	..	..	..	..	53,302	4	11
Buildings and Sundry Assets	..	..	..	..	56,590	14	2
Furniture and Fittings	..	..	..	..	12,368	2	11
					1,706	5	0
					£1,699,171	18	8

**Profit and Loss Account for the Year ending 30th June, 1902.**

Dr.

	£	s.	d.
To Office, Salaries, Directors' Fees, and other Expenses—London, Paris and Lisbon, less Fees received from other Companies.. ..	£12,521	17	6
„ Transvaal and East African Expenses, including Salaries, Rent, Travelling and other Expenses, less Fees received from other Companies .. ..	8,641	7	10
			<hr/>
			21,163 5 4
„ Depreciations on Furniture, Buildings and Sundry Assets ..	2,908	16	11
„ Bad Debt written off .. ..	243	10	3
„ Balance carried to Balance Sheet .. ..	107,676	10	3
			<hr/>
	£131,992	2	9

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
By Dividends and Interest received and accrued .. .. .	39,492	1	11
„ Profit on Shares and Investments realised (less Loss) .. .. .	101,041	18	4
„ Transfer Fees .. .. .	1,458	2	6
	<u>£142,000</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>1</u>

In accordance with the Companies Act, 1900, we certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with. We have to report to the Shareholders that we have Audited the above Balance Sheet and in our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the Books of the Company in London, and the Accounts received from Africa. The values attached to the Investments are introduced on the responsibility of the Directors, and are subject to realisation.

5 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.,  
24th November, 1902.

WELTON, JONES & CO.

The Aux Classes Laborieuses, Limited, are issuing a prospectus which states amongst other things that :—  
The Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The Subscription Lists will be Opened on THURSDAY, November 27th, and will be Closed for both Town and Country on or before SATURDAY, November 29th, 1902.

**AUX CLASSES LABORIEUSES**  
(LIMITED).

(Drapers, Furnishers, and General Providers).

**CAPITAL - - - £625,000**

Divided into 75,000 Cumulative Seven per Cent. Preference shares of £5 each, subscribed in cash, and 250,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, issued as fully paid up as part of the purchase price of the property originally acquired by the company.

**ISSUE of £185,000 FIVE PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK at par.**

Of this issue only £110,000 is offered for subscription, £75,000 having already been agreed to be taken firm at par by shareholders and by holders of the existing Debenture stock, which is about to be redeemed.

The company will apply £10,000 annually, commencing in March, 1904, in redeeming the stock, either by drawings at £105 per cent., or by repurchase in the market, whenever the same can be bought below £105.

Subscriptions are invited for the above First Mortgage Debenture stock at par, payable as follows :—

£10 per cent. on application.  
 £30 per cent. on allotment.  
 £30 per cent. at one month after allotment.  
 £30 per cent. at two months after allotment.

£100

Payment may be made in full on allotment under discount of 4 per cent. per annum. Interest will be payable half-yearly on the 1st May and 1st November. The first payment calculated from the dates of payment of the various instalments will be made on the 1st May, 1903.

### Trustees for the Debenture Stockholders.

The TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, and SECURITIES INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

### Directors.

D. DALZIEL (Chairman), 18 Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park, London.  
 CHARLES BAKER (Joint Managing Director of Chas. Baker & Co.'s Clothing Stores, Limited), 271-274 High Holborn, and Branches, London.  
 JAMES LEE (Managing Proprietor, Atkinson & Co., Furnishing and General Stores), 298-312 Westminster Bridge Road, London.  
 RENÉ CAHEN (former Proprietor "Aux Classes Laborieuses"), Boulevard de Strasbourg.  
 EUGÈNE DEBRAINE (General Manager of the Company in Paris), Boulevard de Strasbourg, Paris.

### Bankers.

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